THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR, OF THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For DECEMBER, 1801.

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Embellished with an Engraving of—FLYING LEAP, by Mr. SARTORIOUS; and an Etching of TAG, by Mr. HOWITT.

London:

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And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. Justins, Printer, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to apologize to the Gentleman who sent us the Poem, entitled, "Campanology," but we shall endeavour to insert the whole in our next.

A Jockey of the Last Age will perceive that we have paid the earliest attention to his favours; his discrimination will ever entitle his productions to the notice of every liberal-minded Sportsman.

We are much obliged to the Gentleman who sent us the Copy of the List of the Jury presented to Judge Dodderidge.—We have added the epithet *Grand*, as thinking it eminently entitled to that distinction.

Sartorius. del.

Flying Leap.

Pub. Jan. 1 1802, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,

For DECEMBER, 1801.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

Flying Leap.

[*From a Painting by* Sartorius.]

WE have no Horse named for this subject. It is most likely a *fancy*, representing an ex cellent Hunter taking a Flying Leap over a River: but, whether *fancy* or *portrait*, we persuade ourselves the Print will, as well on account of its Design as Engraving, give general satisfaction.

Performances of Old Pilot.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

A Constant Reader of your amusing Miscellany, I observe, would esteem it a favour to be informed, whether the horse Old Pilot, the founder of the late Mr. Lade's stud, be living, and whether he is to be obtained as a stallion. This quest'on, as far as I am able, I will, with much pleasure, satisfy.

Sir Harry Harpur's grey horse Pilot, by Dainty Davy, ran *an aged horse* over York, in 1771, winning the City Subscription Purse, against Dorimant, Maiden, and Ancaster, and a balance, of some twenty pounds or upwards, from the purse of your very humble servant. He afterwards, the same year, at Doncaster, beat Phocion, Cannibal, and the famous Glow-worm; with which, certain knowing ones accommodated the Marquis de Conflans at the moderate price of twelve hundred guineas.

Every body has heard how the French stranger was taken in. He did not indeed catch the white owl, or prick in the belt, but he stood gaping by while they threw the bull over the bridge. No doubt could possibly remain with the Marquis of his new bargain being *bon marché*, after having seen the wonderful fact of his beating, over the course, the famous Dorimant!!! But alas! as they say in Suffolk, this French jockey perceived, when too late, that he had found a mare's nest, and had then nothing to do but to play with the eggs. A certain sportsman, with *good eyes*, no doubt, saw something pleasing in all this.

But to return to York, where Pilot beat Dorimant, then the best horse in England; since he, the same year, beat those two celebrated horses, Shark and Dictator; we South country jockies always get beat in the North. We were aware of it in this case, yet could not bring ourselves to believe that such a horse as Pilot could possibly beat us; being fully convinced that, on our own Newmarket dung-hill, (to use a vulgar phrase) Dorimant could give him ten pounds over the course. But travelling makes a vast difference; and, to say the

P 2 truth,

truth, Pilot was a good horse, ran his course through like a true racer, and had, besides, good speed.

Your Correspondent will now perceive, Gentlemen, that, granting Old Pilot be now alive, he cannot be very fit for the purpose of procreation, at thirty-one years of age, to say the least; for I do not exactly recollect, but he might have been *aged*, before the year 1777. Besides, I saw the poor old fellow sold at Aldridge's, in St. Martin's Lane, with a part of the late Sir Harry Harpur's stud, about twelve or fourteen years ago, for the paltry sum (to the best of my recollection) of about twenty pounds: too probably, to have his latter days worn out, notwithstanding his past services, in some cruel, starving, and laborious drudgery;—to be run to death in a fish-cart, like Squirrel, or starved in a cabbage-cart, in London streets, like Admiral.—I wish, most heartily, some one of your Correspondents, with a heart endowed with feeling for this most noble of brute animals, the Horse, may have it in his power to give a more favourable account of the latter days of poor Old Pilot.

But, Gentlemen, it is no less true than to be regretted, that some of our best and truest racing cattle, in Bakewell's despite, fail to be true in one important respect—I mean as Stallions, in producing *their like*: witness Gimcrack, Shark, and many others, amongst which we may reckon Pilot, who never got any thing of a runner, excepting the Counsellor's horse, Grey Pilot; and he was the best four-year old of his day, merely because there did not happen to be a good one in the country, of his year.—A man with one eye is a king among the blind.—I have seen this horse, whilst belonging to Cannon Park, led about our market, at Newbury, like a common cart-horse, in search of stray custom. In truth, his upright thick shoulder, and short prick ears, were not unlike those of the cart-breed; but he had good bone, and what he did in the racing way was apparently by virtue of his length and strength, rather than from the excellence of his conformation. He may get good Hacks and Hunters; but, if your friend is in want of a Stallion for the ensuing spring, on describing his Mare, we can very promptly recommend him one far preferable to Lade's Pilot, or even the sire of him, supposing him alive and in vigour.

Heartily congratulating you on the increasing circulation, as well as the increased merit, of your most entertaining publication, I am,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

A JOCKEY OF THE LAST AGE.

Speenham Lands, Dec. 10, 1801.

NEW BOOKS.

RURAL SPORTS, Vol. I.

By W. B. DANIEL.

Embellished with Engravings, from Paintings by Stubbs, Gilpin, Reinagle, Chalon, S. Elmer, &c.

[Bunney and Gold, Shoe-lane; White, Fleet-street; Cadell, &c. &c.]

THE elegant execution, the superior style, and the real interest of this splendid work to the Sporting World, not admitting us to go into a detail of its contents this month, we shall, in our next, endeavour to do justice to its merits. Neither the Printer, the Engraver, nor the Author, who is an experienced Sportsman, seem to have spared any pains in rendering his RURAL SPORTS a genuine *desideratum*

ratum to the man of taste, science, and enterprize.

The ANATOMY *and* PHYSIOLOGY *of the* HORSE'S FOOT *described*; *with Practical Observations on* SHOEING.

By JAMES WHITE,

Veterinary Surgeon to the First, or Royal Dragoons.

THE various states of sound and unsound Hoofs, the different views of the Foot with its manifold parts, and the several modes of Shoeing, are so excellently pourtrayed in fourteen neat engravings, that, were they not accompanied (as they are) with judicious observations, the subject would be fully elucidated.

In addition to this, the author has described the symptoms of the Diseases incident to this noble animal, and stated the most approved Remedies for their prevention or cure.

He closes with a short account of that useful institution, the VETERINARY COLLEGE, together with some general remarks; amongst which, those on the management of a Horse during a journey, and on feeding and exercise, are deserving of attention.

VETERINARY PATHOLOGY, *or*, *A* TREATISE *on the* CAUSE *and* PROGRESS *of the* DISEASES *of the* HORSE.

By WILLIAM RIDING,

Veterinary Surgeon to the Eighteenth Light Dragoons.

BLEEDING, Firing, Rowelling, Wounds, and the various Diseases of the Horse, are in this work scientifically treated upon, with such conciseness and perspicuity, that it will be a useful guide and companion to the Gentleman, Veterinarian, and Farrier.

The whole concludes with an Appendix, or Veterinary Dispensatory, containing prescriptions for the different complaints to which the Horse is liable.

COURSING CHALLENGE.

Another Letter to the Editor *of the* Morning Herald.

MR. EDITOR,

I Beg leave to notice a sort of reply to a former letter of mine, on the part of "OLD SOHO," in your paper of Thursday the 26th of November last, and to whom I now send my *final* answer.

I will *not* condescend to start three capital Greyhounds within seventy miles of London, because there is no Coursing there but what has been well denominated "*fit for old ladies and children.*"

I will meet him in February next, to run over Flixton, Sherborn, or Ganton Wolds, Yorkshire. — I named the former, only as being the most severe of the three, for a severe trial: and I now repeat my offer to him, or to any other South-Country Gentleman whatever, who fancies he has South-Country Greyhounds superior to those of Yorkshire.

When he talks of "*Lurchers winning Matches,*" and understanding "*the Dodge of the Wolds,*" the gentleman does not shew much skill in Coursing. The running over Flixton requires, from the length of the Courses, the highest bred dogs possible; because high blood only can produce deep wind: and every man who has attempted to follow a Flixton Hare, on the best Blood Horse, has declared it to be "*the Fox-hunting of Coursing.*"

If, therefore, OLD SOHO has an inclination to see such Hares as he never saw before, and to learn what real Coursing is, he has nothing

thing to do but to accept my challenge, of producing a Leash of Greyhounds, *my own property*,—against his, *with the same restrictions*,—to run for *any sum* to be mutually agreed upon, and tried by THREE Gentlemen. And he may rest assured, that his dogs not being accustomed to the country will be an advantage to him; as dogs that run cunning, or save themselves, will be sure to lose their match, in any country whatever.

If this challenge be not accepted, the Yorkshire Greyhounds will still hold their reputation; and I fear, from the *shy kind* of answer of OLD SOHO, that he never will venture to be *Sohoed* in Yorkshire!

A YORKSHIREMAN.

RETORT.

MR. EDITOR,

I Will not denominate your Coursing Correspondent a *Yorkshire bite*, as he only *snaps*, but will not *lay hold!* — This North-Country *Thistle Whipper*, after beating round the bush in your Herald for the last three months, has at length picked up a thorn—turned tail—and run home!—I pray you, therefore, Mr. Editor, let it be heraldized throughout the *Flixton*, *Sherborn*, or *Ganton* WOLDS, that the valiant *Yorkshire* Sportsman, who challenged to run his *Greyhounds* against ALL ENGLAND, has had the two following proposals publicly submitted to his choice, and both of which he has most heroically refused, *viz.*

"To run, *home and home*, a leash of *South-Country* Greyhounds, bred by their present proprietor, against the same number of *North-Country* Dogs, so bred and retained; and, should they beat alternately in their own district, to run three decisive courses in a central county, unknown to either."—Or

"To run a leash of *South-Country* Greyhounds against as many from the *North*, under the above restrictions, on *any ground whatever*, at the option of the *Yorkshireman*, within seventy miles of London."

Now, Mr. Editor, so these fair proposals, or rather these fair acceptions of his *own challenge*. I beseech you to record once more, in his *own words*, his *own curious answer:*—

"I will NOT condescend to start three capital Greyhounds, within seventy miles of London: because there is no Coursing there, but what I have denominated fit for *old ladies* and *children!*"

What shall we now say to this *Coursing Bobadil* of the WOLDS, who fancies himself *too far North* to have seen or heard of the *Berkshire* or *Wiltshire Downs*, or he might have condescended to exhibit his leash of *Lurchers* on one of these celebrated grounds, for the amusement of "the *Old Ladies* and *Children* of the SOUTH."

The Sporting World will allow, that I have struggled hard to get a *fair* RACE out of this *Yorkshireman*, either *on*, or *off*, his own favourite ground; where, if the DOGS do not *run cunning*, their MASTER, at least, *fights shy!*

Your's, &c.

Dec. 16, 1801. OLD SOHO!

THE SKAITING

THE Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, was attended about noon (on Sunday, Dec 20) by nearly six thousand persons, about three hundred of whom were Skaiters.

A cavalcade of about two hundred carriages appeared, soon after one

one o'clock, on the north side of the river, the part where good skaiters usually assemble: but we noticed very few who had any pretensions to the elegant part of that agreeable amusement. Among those few, were the Hon. Arthur Upton, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Legge, and Mr. Vernon. —We should also add, that a common sailor displayed much skill and grace.

The ice, from the sudden thaw, was in a very bad state—wet and sloppy: this, no doubt, prevented many from enjoying the healthful exercise. The ice gave way about three o clock, and two fell in near the edge, but with no other mischief than a ducking. Many, as is generally the case, met with severe falls.

A few women of fashion ventured to walk by the river-side, as far as Kensington Gardens; but the cold was too keen for many others. The ladies in carriages kept closely muffled up in their furs, contented with being spectators of the scene through the coach windows.

The ladies were principally dressed in sarsnet pelisses, trimmed with fur.—A new dress was sported by three dashing females—scarlet kerseymere pelisses and bonnets of the same, each trimmed with fur. The appearance was singular, but not unbecoming.

In St. James's Park, one or two fell in; but we heard of no lives being lost.

The Rules *of the* New Boxing Club.

We have been favoured with some of the principal Rules and Ordonnances of the celebrated Club, called the Crudivorous, lately instituted by the Dilettanti of the *Corps Athletique*. We have no doubt but the Public will receive these Regulations with great applause.

Rules *for the* Crudiverous Club.

Approved Dec. 5, 180[illegible].

Daniel M[illegible]ndoza,
his ✕ mark.

THAT the Club consist of the following twenty-four Members, and their Bottle-holders.

[Here follow the Noblemen and Gentlemens' names.]

That every Member be at liberty to introduce one other candidate, to be boxed for at the next meeting. Three black eyes to exclude.

That no Gentleman is to walk into the Club-room without a starting certificate from the Fifty-milestone, upon one of the principal roads, dated within ten hours after his arrival.

Any Gentleman unprovided of such certificate, is to declare, *upon honour*, that he has either been present at a Bull-baiting, Bear or Badger-bait, or Cock-fight; or that he has fought himself a battle of not less than twenty rounds, or been Second or Bottle holder to another Member of the Club.

Any Gentleman reporting himself to have been interrupted, or in custody of the Police Officers, may take his seat; but the fact is be verified at the next meeting.

No Member to bring more than one bull-dog into the Club-room at the same time.

Gentlemens' bludgeons to be of the weight, length, and standard of the Club.

No cards, dice, odd-horse, or tossing-up, to be permitted; but all wagers to be fought upon the spot. The first knock-down to be the winner.

Any Gentleman's bull-dog taking another Member by the shins, and not letting go upon the first pail of water, to be expelled.

That

That it be a standing order, that the Club do annually, upon the anniversary of their institution, *challenge all England.*

That, for thirty days previous to the said annual challenge taking effect, no bye-battles to be permitted in the Club, nor any private walking matches; but that every Member do, *bona fide,* put himself into strict training, for the honour of the Club. During this time, all differences of sentiment to be settled by the bull-dogs.

Resolved, however, that fighting in the Lobbies at the Play-houses be not considered as a breach of this statute, being taken for good training exercise, provided the cause of the battle do not offend against any of the rules of training.

That the Club employ none but Travelling Bankers, in order to keep itself in wind.

That a Walking Committee do constantly sit, in order to start after the said Bankers, as often as any of them shall walk off.

That a subscription be set on foot, and a fund be raised, for the widows and orphans of the Members of the Club.

That smart money be given to any Member whose nose or ears may be eaten up in battle; and that wigs of honour, or Taliacotian noses, be provided, and presented them, at the expence of the Club.

That every Member enter into a general release of all actions for assaults, batteries, maims, &c. and that the Club acknowledge no law but Club-law, and the law it gives in walking or drawing wagers.

That dinner be killed at six o'clock precisely.

That no Member be allowed to roast another, &c. &c. &c.

A True List of a Grand Jury, *taken before* Judge Dodderidge, *at the Assizes holden at* Huntingdon, *July* 1619.

Maximilian, *King* of Toseland.
Henry, *Prince* of Godmanchester.
George, *Duke* of Sommersham.
William, *Marquis* of Stukeley.
Edmund, *Earl* of Hartford.
Richard, *Baron* of Bythorn.
Stephen, *Pope* of Newton.
Stephen, *Cardinal* of Kimbolton.
Humphrey, *Bishop* of Bugden.
Robert, *Lord* of Waresley.
Robert, *Knight* of Winwick.
William, *Abbot* of Stukely.
Robert, *Baron* of St. Neot's.
William, *Dean* of Old Weston.
John, *Archdeacon* of Paxton.
Peter, *Esquire* of Easton.
Edward, *Fryer* of Ellington.
Henry, *Monk* of Stukeley.
George, *Gentleman* of Spaldwick.
George, *Priest* of Grafham.
Richard, *Deacon* of Catworth.
Thomas, *Yeoman* of Barham.

N. B. Judge *Dodderidge* having the Circuit preceding this, found fault with the Sheriff for empanelling men not qualified for the Grand Jury, the Sheriff, being a merry man, resolved to fit the Judge, with *sounds* at least. Calling over the above-said names emphatically, his Lordship began to think he had, indeed, a *Jury* of quality.

Singularity.

A Woman in the neighbourhood of Stapleton (whether widow or not, we are not informed) took two of her children to the work-house, buried her mother, married a husband, and was brought to bed, all in the course of a week.

HISTORY

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

HISTORY OF CLUBS.

No. I.

THE STROLLER—*a new Club.*

THE Spectator, in his elegant essays, described a number of clubs that he found collected in the great theatre of the world, but which had no peculiar existence and constitution in any one quarter of it. A man, unblest with the genius of an Addison, may, however, by industrious observation, find in this large metropolis, assemblages as whimsical and humorous as any of those that the above celebrated writer has supposed. We mean, from this inexhaustible fund of mirth and character, to select whatever may be valuable; and we trust that an account of one or other of the curious clubs, in the cities of London and Westminster, will be found a source of entertainment to the readers of the *Sporting Magazine*.

That which we have selected for the present month, is one of the latest institutions with which we are acquainted, and one of the most joyous. At the beginning of the present winter, it had its origin in the accidental meeting of some of the performers at the two Theatres: it was proposed that they should dine together once a week, and that the chairman for the day should give them the dinner at any tavern, within a few minutes walk of the Theatres, which he should please. The pleasures of the meeting advancing with the numbers of which it was composed, they formed themselves into a society, and called themselves "*The Strollers*," as applicable at once to their profession, and to their custom of strolling from house to house to dinner. A set of regulations were made for their government, all which were calculated to promote and increase the festivity of this meeting, and to make the club permanent, by its order and sytem.

Among other rules, it was established that none but persons who were or had been Strollers should be admitted members; this being found necessary, on account of the introduction of several gentlemen who were not of that character. Certain toasts of order were appointed, and a form prescribed for the initiation of future members.

Among other rules contrived and established for the mirth of the company, there was one which certainly affords them considerable entertainment, though it may not be esteemed sufficiently polished for the sentimental circles of the present day. This is the play of *Conundrums*. In a company of men, whose lives are spent in the study of whatever is gay, droll, or whimsical, this is a happy method of striking out most humorous allusions and laughable analogies.

The club is now risen to be one of the most respectable in London: they have dramatic poets, musical composers, and certainly the best singers in Britain; so that they write, set, and perform their own songs, catches, and glees, and they are all written in the character of the club.

A plan is formed for the conduct and operations of the club during Passion Week, when there is no Play at the two houses. They mean to stroll within the distance of ten miles round London; and they have formed the plan of a dramatic entertainment which, we think, cannot fail of producing much delight. In this jaunt, to come as close to the true undisguised character of the Stroller as possible, they are to walk on foot, and to have their baggage carried in

in a cart, but none to carry more baggage than can be contained in the foot of an old stocking. They have limited the number of the club, and every new-admitted member is bound to pronounce one initiation speech. Several comic and facetious harangues have been made in consequence of this injunction; and we think that one of the best of them was the following parody on the speech of Othello. It must be remarked, that it is necessary for the new member to prove his qualification; that is, to prove that he has been a Stroller.

PARODY *on the Speech of* OTHELLO, *referred to above.*

MOST potent, gay, irreverend seigniors,
My very noble and approved good fellows,
That I have been a vagrant strolling Player
It is most true!—True, I have been a mummer!—
The very head and front of my profession
Hath this extent no more.—Loud am I in speech,
And little blessed with the smooth phrase of towns;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now some nine months wasted, they have used
This dearest action in the rafter'd barn;
And little of the Theatre can I speak,
More than pertains to claps, and groans, and hisses;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself: yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of life,—what corks, what brick-dust,
What poverty, and what mighty shifts,
(For such calamities I've met withal)
Rank me with your honours.

EULOGIUM ON CARD-PLAYING.

——— Amusement reigns
Man's great demand.

YOUNG.

IT cannot be denied, that, among the amusements peculiar to this season of the year, Card-playing is not without its advantages: it does, at least, associate the sexes together, and assists much in giving a polished ease to the manners and conversation. This amusement is, indeed, admirably adapted to abridge the length, and dissipate the gloom, of a winter evening, because its fascinating influence is so great, that the most splenetic son of Mortality, when engaged in it, insensibly loses his spleen, and unwittingly communicates to, while he only means to receive pleasure from others. It is an amusement also calculated for all ranks of people, and in the enjoyment of which there is a perfect equality; for the nobleman cannot boast more exquisite pleasure in a run of good luck at Quadrille or Piquet, than the vulgar peasant in his cottage, or plebeian in his hut, does, in being successful at One-and-thirty or All-fours.

Dec. 13. J. J. B.

A PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

A BITING BAKER.

ONE of this business was charged, by a person in a different line, with purloining from the articles sent from the neighbours to his oven. He admitted the accusation to be well founded, and challenged his accuser to guard against his impositions. For this purpose, he proposed a bet of one shilling's worth of punch, that, out of three, he would take one rib of beef, without discovery. The proposal was readily accepted, and the meat brought to the Baker's shop: he took off a rib, and with it the principal part of the flesh belonging to the adjoining one; and in this state it was returned to the owner.

A meeting

A meeting was held to decide the wager. The Baker asked, if he had not performed his engagement? His opponent answered in the negative; for that the theft was evident. "Why, then," replied *Burnt-crust*, "I must pay my shilling!"—Thus did he artfully turn the tables on his antagonist, and, for twelve penny-worth of punch, entitle himself to seven pounds of prime roasting beef.

A PUFFING BARBER.

To the Inhabitants of the Town of BRIGHTON; also to the Nobility and Gentry, of either Sex, who may resort to that favourite Watering Place, the ensuing Season, for the Pleasure or the Benefit of Bathing.

THIS is intended to inform the world, that a native of London, Mr. GEORGE FERDINAND AUGUSTUS CHARLEMORE, has had the honour of carrying arms in the Middlesex Militia, and was particularly distinguished in the course of the last campaign, when he had the good fortune to be employed in some eminent services at Dover Castle, the advanced fortress of his Majesty's British dominions.—He combines the intrepidity of *Alexander* with the caution of *Fabius*: his principles patriotic: equal to *Cæsar* as a man, nor inferior to *Brutus* as the friend to Liberty. Amorous as *Anthony*, and like him, too, of irresistible person. Incorrupt as *Aristides*; patient as *Socrates*; eloquent as *Cicero*. In manners and address, what *Chesterfield* was, *he is*. Although a stranger to *Locke*, and unacquainted with *Newton*, he is familiar with the Seven Wise Masters.

This extraordinary young man, since the conclusion of war, received his discharge from the service of his country—not enriched by plunder, rapine, or extortion. Poor as *Fabricius*, he retires, and now practises the improvement of those heads *without*, which nothing can *within*.

*** He is avowedly the first Hair-dresser, Shaver, and Wig-maker, of the present age; and humbly solicits that encouragement and support his transcendent abilities and exalted virtues so justly demand.

P. S. He condescends to shave the Poor almost *gratis*, viz. for a PENNY each.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

SATURDAY, NOV. 21.

DEFAMATORY SONG-WRITING.

MR. Garrow moved for the judgment of the Court against Margarott Wyburn, a Cornet in the 18th regiment of Dragoons, quartered at Deal, who had been convicted of writing defamatory letters, and causing the same to be printed and published. Several unmarried ladies, residents of Middledean House, in the vicinity of Deal, were the objects of this gentleman's attack.

It appeared that he had written a number of stanzas, which composed a song, intituled *The House of Iniquity*; that he had written to a person of the name of Whittle, in London, enclosing a copy of this song, stating that it was written on a parcel of old, ugly, and ill-natured virgins, who, as no man could call them to account, constantly amused themselves with traducing the character of every woman of virtue and respectability in the neighbourhood, and that this was the only way to punish them; that he requested Whittle to get

eight

eight dozen copies of the song printed, to erase the Printer's name, to send them as letters according to a list of directions which he transmitted, (the more to obviate suspicion, to send him one also) and that he would immediately after settle with him for the expence; that one of these letters was sent to almost every respectable person in Deal; that the printed copies did not contain the names of the parties traduced in full, but that he afterwards sent a written letter to Middledean House, with five additional stanzas, and the names of the parties at full length.

The verses were here read; but they were so ill written, so vulgar, so gross, so filthy, that to detail their contents would be to insult the eyes and ears of our readers.

Mr. Erskine, who rose on the part of the prosecutors, professed himself willing to believe that, as the unfortunate young gentleman on the floor had since offered to apologize, his contrition was real; and he was also willing to admit of every thing that could be offered in extenuation of his crime: but he could not help remarking, that he had not told the Court under what misapprehension, or false belief, he had considered that those ladies, the prosecutors, had engaged in the calumniation of innocence; he had not said a word upon this subject, and that could not but appear unfavourable to his cause. He said, there was something so detestable in calumny, that he knew not how to reconcile it with the common feelings of humanity, and he sincerely wished that this young man had sworn under what impression he had acted.—For his own part, he said, the pain of hearing such verses was greater than any penalty, any punishment, which his Lordship could possibly inflict. There was something so peculiarly unfortunate too, he said, for *women* who became the objects of slander, that every effort which they made to repel it, only tended to increase its circulation. Had this young man sworn that he had acted under a false impression? Had the things which he had called verses shewn the least sudden impulse of passion, or exhibited the least ray of genius, some apology might be offered for the offence; but, when malignity and dulness jostled each other in every line,—when the Muses themselves were not much better treated than the ladies whom they had been retained to calumniate,—when, without any apparent provocation, a beautiful young lady, who was on the eve of marriage with a man of worth and respectability, was represented as possessing a stinking breath and the king's evil, as a wretch that no man would associate with, he knew not what could be advanced in his favours.

Mr. Garrow rose, and observed, that there was no disease which the remedies of this Court were calculated to cure, which were so apt to break out again, as that of defamation. He said, there were many of those ill-omended birds now singing in their cages, and lampooning every thing in the shape of virtue which came in their way. This young man, said he, is presented to the Court as an officer in the army; but what was he when he committed the offence now under consideration? Why, he was then an attorney's clerk, and ought to have been employed in filling up writs behind his master's desk, instead of writing scurrilous verses. He had apologised to his law agent in town for not writing to him sooner, because he had been engaged in writing this song; and he knew at least so much

much of the law, as to direct him to cut off the printer's name; and, the more to screen himself, to send one to him also. In consequence of his desires, every military and naval officer, every clergyman, and every person of whatever description, of the least respectability in the neighbourhood, had received these infamous letters. His impudence was excessive: one of the ladies, who had fallen under the lash of his satire, had, from an accident, been unfortunately compelled to move with the assistance of crutches; this he had represented as a family device, for the concealment of a disease of a very different nature. He had also attempted to describe places into which he never had the honour of being admitted. His malignity was still greater than his impudence: he had said, in the last stanza of his song—

> "His heart knew, that it could not be right
> "To knock innocents down!"

yet he had proceeded to the severest defamation of innocence; and he considered that the Court owed it to justice, to inflict a punishment accordingly.

Mr. Gibbs rose, and submitted to his Lordship, that the young man was now fully sensible of his crime; that there were other crimes of much greater aggravation than that which now occupied the attention of the Court; that he was a very young man; that he was only eighteen when the verses were written, and he hoped that his Lordship would not animadvert with as much severity on him as on an older person. He thought Mr. Erskine had been unnecessarily severe; that he had taken an unfair advantage as to the badness of the poetry. He admitted, however, that the verses were as bad as Mr. Erskine had represented them; but that, when young men were addicted to the writing of verse, the *cacoethes* was much stronger than in writing any thing else. Some punishment, he was aware, must be inflicted on the unfortunate poet; but, from the period of his publishing these verses, from the period of his waking out of his dream of folly, a considerable length of time had elapsed; he was now fully conscious of, and sorry for, his error; and he hoped that his Lordship's sentence would be as lenient as possible.

Mr. Fielding next rose, and said, Mr. Erskine had enquired why it had not been said, by affidavit, under what misapprehension or false belief this young man had acted? He said, that the unfortunate youth had been so completely overwhelmed with shame, that he had not ventured to advance a syllable in defence, but threw himself entirely on the mercy of the Court. Mr. Garrow had also adverted to his quitting the profession of the law, and entering into the army: he believed that he would find himself the loser by the exchange, but this unfortunate affair had driven him to the army as to a last resource. Human life, he said, should be considered in all its degrees and relations, from the cabals of a court to the disputes of a corporation,—from the disputes of a corporation to the gossip of a family. Much of that sort of scandal, which ladies sometimes love to indulge in, had certainly been circulated in this neighbourhood: there had been some quarrel among the ladies; a considerable portion of the fair and beautiful part of the neighbourhood had been ridiculed and abused; and it was evident, on a view of the case, that this young gentleman had not been revenging his own quarrel, but had rather officiously, and with a degree of Quixotism, taken up the

cause

cause of the injured ladies. He had, by his folly, lost his profession, and he had nothing to satisfy the Court with in a pecuniary way: the verses could not possibly hurt the ladies at whom they were levelled, and he trusted that his Lordship would exercise as little severity as the case would admit.

The prisoner was remanded to the prison of this Court, and ordered to be brought up again on the last day but one of Term.

LUDICROUS CHALLENGE.

On the 24th of November, the judgment of the Court was moved for against M. Fouchier D'Alembert, a *ci-devant* French Nobleman, and *Chevalier de la Grande Croix*, for challenging Walter Houghton, the Town Clerk of Caermathen, to mortal strife.

The defendant had been indicted at the Great Session at Caermarthen; but the indictment had been removed into this Court, and he was tried and convicted at the last Hereford assizes. The report of the trial was read by Mr. Justice Le Blanc. It appeared, that on the 1st of August last year, Mr. Houghton and his wife were passing by the defendant's house, between one and two in the daytime, when a large dog, belonging to the defendant, leaped upon the prosecutor's wife. She cried out, "There is the dog again!" and she struck him with her fan. The defendant looked out of his house, and said, "D—n you, you b—h? Vat you strike my dog for?" The prosecutor said, "None of that language, *Mounsheer!* It won't do!" He went to his own house, and soon after saw the defendant coming towards it in a furious and angry manner. He knocked at the door; and the prosecutor desired his wife to go out of the parlour: after which he went and opened the door, and asked the defendant what he wanted. He replied, "I vant your vife!" and he added, addressing himself to the prosecutor, "If your vife insult my dog, or my vife, or any of my family, I will take up her petticoats, lay her across my knee, and whip her ——!" The prosecutor observed, that was not language to be used to a gentleman. —The defendant passed the parlour, and looking up stairs, repeated the same words, adding, he hoped she now heard him He then clenched his fist, and said, "God d—n you!" The prosecutor asked if he meant to strike him? He said, "No: I will not do that; but I will jump upon you, and screw your head off, and throw your head one way, and your body another!" —He afterwards said, "Have you any spirit? I vill teach you to fire: I vill bring pistol; and you shall kill me, or I vill you!"—The prosecutor was at that time under a recognizance to keep the peace; and he asked the defendant, if he wished to provoke him to break it?"

The defendant produced an affidavit, in which he declared that he never had the least intention of challenging the prosecutor to fight. He said, he had been twice in company with the prosecutor, after the circumstance happened, and no notice whatever was taken of it; and that six months elapsed before any prosecution took place.

The affidavits of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. David's, Lady Baroness Aymer, Lady Mansell, and of several other persons of the first distinction, represented the defendant as a man of peaceable demeanour, charitable to the poor, and universally respected by his friends and neighbours.

Lord Kenyon said, that the Court was bound to repress any thing that led

led to a challenge; but, for a professional man, as the prosecutor was, to let six months pass, meet the defendant in the mean time on terms of friendship, then prosecute at the Great Sessions, and afterwards carry the indictment down to Hereford to be tried, was not very commendable.

Mr. Justice Grose observed to the defendant, that, however improper the conduct of the prosecutor had been, it was impossible not to censure what he (the defendant) had done.—The sentence of the Court was, that he should pay a fine of 5l. and enter into his own recognizance in 50l. to keep the peace for one year.—This done, the defendant was discharged.

SPORTING WITH HONOURS, &c.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING at an inn, where I was to lodge for the night, I was shewn into a room, divided but by a slight partition from one in which there was a numerous company. Though no listener, it was impossible for me not to hear some words, whenever any one raised his voice to begin a sentence.—I heard scarcely any thing, from any voice, but the words, "*Our house! Our house!*" which were generally delivered with a truly *ore rotundo.* One gentleman spoke of the interest he had with the "heads of the *house*;" another, of the "*junior branches*;" another, of the "*loans*" they had formerly negociated; and another, which struck me still more, of the "*bills they had passed!*"—I was astonished at the importance of my neighbouring guests, and still more at the indiscretion of the inn-keeper, in placing them where they were so likely to be overheard.—By and by, one of the company began a longer speech than the rest, of which I only heard these words:—"Now, gentlemen, the first *commission* I received"—Him I concluded to be an old officer relating his progress in life. He was followed by another, with the words, "the *house* I represent—"

Here, I must confess, I determined to listen more than I ought to have done, to their conversation; for, the inn being upon the Dover road, I had no doubt that my neighbours were Plenipotentiaries, Envoys, or at least Secretaries, going to the Congress at Amiens, after some negociation in London; and, as I am myself a very *deep hand* at a bargain in the stocks, I thought this no bad opportunity for a great stroke in the *Omnium.* I expected to hear something of all the *houses* in Europe. Just as I was about to apply my unfair ear to the wainscot, the waiter came to enquire whether I would please to sup with the gentlemen in the adjoining room; and, while I had scarcely breath to express my hope of that honour, he told me that they were all *riders* from Manchester, going to France for orders!

I am, Your's, &c.

THE RETURN OF EVERY BODY TO TOWN.

NOW the Perfumer racks his invention to prepare some *new scent* for the ladies, some lotion that will sustain the rigour of the winter's wind, or some old beautifier exhibited in a different form, with a new name to attract capricious customers. Nor is the *wig-maker* idle: his active hands are busily engaged in adjusting curls which

which shall adorn a neck lovely as the Cyprian Queen; and he has an apartment of *ornamental* hair suited to every complexion, from the delicate bloom of HEBE to the permanent tinge of the Mulatto.

Meanwhile, the caterers for the amusement of the public are preparing all their *horrors*, their *smiles*, and their *graces*, to entertain their *maritime visitors*. The twin *Richards* of the principal theatres are daily practising the most dreadful frowns and ferocious looks imaginable; and they are each making such rapid improvements in the sublime science of assassination and havock, that it is presumed they will afford the most extatic delight to the *purified* critics who have been "*purging their bosom of the perilous stuff*" during summer. Methinks I hear the heroes of the buskin, with Stentonian voices, vociferating, on the entrance of a host of the great, "You are heartily welcome to town!—We'll please you, if we can!"

Now Mademoiselle PARISOT is twisting her pliant limbs into innumerable evolutions, and practising some *new steps* for the entertainment of her noble patrons; and, doubtless, when she appears before them, her graceful courtesy and sprightly air will sufficiently evince that she—welcomes them to town.

Even in the streets, we behold the pleasing effects of sociality. A vast number of the itinerant sons of APOLLO perambulate our squares and streets, nay, even lanes and courts, grinding away with their barrel organs, and rattling their tambourines. Their looks of *hopeful* satisfaction seem to say—"Aye, aye! we are come back again to play you a tune!" while the generous connoisseur of *street-music* throws up the sash, and flings them a shilling, as much as to say—"You are welcome to town!"

Coffee-houses, taverns, and gaming-houses, besides others that must not be named, now demonstrate their hospitality, by opening their doors for the reception of their elegant visitors; while, in the exposure of their respective wares, every thing that can allure the palate, or please the eye, is presented for the acceptance of the *man of spirit*, who every where reads, in the placid looks and ready obedience of the waiters,—"Sir, you are welcome to town!"

Let no foreigner, then, censure London as inhospitable; for, if he has plenty of cash, he will find, by pleasing experience, that he is welcome to town!—And pray let us ask him, Would he find accommodation, even in Paris, without a compensation?

Such is the urbanity, the hospitality, and the joy, that at present animates the busy people of this happy place, where every man, possessed of money, wit, or knowledge, will find numbers to bid him—welcome to town.

RAGE FOR THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC Entertainments have ever been popular; but it was reserved for the present age to render them general. An universal passion for pleasure is the epidemic of the season, and people of all classes choose that species of the Drama most congenial to their minds.

Melpomene, *Thalia*, *Momus*, *Clio*, and *Comus*, have extended their rising influence over the English capital. The butcher, the barber, and others who delight in *slaughter*, prefer *tragedy*. A *butcher's boy* the other evening passing along Holborn, began to rehearse his part of *King Richard the Third*, which he was to act at a private theatre.

He

He suddenly exclaimed, "One or both of us must die?" at the same time fixing his eye on a Jewish old-clothes-man, who was so much terrified at the ferocious look and harsh voice of the young Tragedian, that he dropped his bag filled with garments, and took to his heels.—The young fellow, however, like a true hero, proceeded with his part till he came to the last line, when, throwing himself against a *cobler's bulk*, he cried out, "Let darkness be the burier of the dead!"—"No: that I shan't!" replied an *Undertaker*, raising him up. "If you die, I shall bury you—if you have got money!"—The cobler now made his appearance, and, with a contracted brow and hoarse voice, exclaimed, "What the Devil are you both at!—Get along, and don't break my windows! or I'll call the watch!"

Comedy has a still more numerous class of votaries. Almost the whole host of *amphibia*, who passed the summer at Brighton, have enlisted under her banners. A young Coxcomb and his Kept-Mistress, lately represented *Joseph Surface* and *Lady Teazle* with the happiest effect, to the great amusement of their companions; and the lady entertained the company with a *bravura* of her own composition!—Happy age! elegant beings, who can thus, like Proteus, assume any character except the real one, and prudently ape every species of folly and insignificance—to conceal their own!

But it is in *Masquerade* that our pedestrians principally excel. A *Coxcomb*, of such *delicate nerves* that he would be ready to start at his own shadow, by assuming the masculine stride of *Rolla*, or *Perouse*, might pass for as great a hero as either.—The *Demirep*, by her meek smirk, might be mistaken for a modest woman, did not the cloven foot appear under her half-boot.—The *Black-leg*, by the aid of a little hair-powder and a pair of spectacles, can pass for a very respectable scientific man.—And the *Puffing-Publisher*, at the moment he designs to circumvent some unfortunate author, by publishing a spurious edition of his book, can take him by the hand, and express the utmost esteem, with all apparent cordiality.

From the dress and demeanour of our Young Ladies, we may conclude they are proficients in *Pantomime*. Indeed, by the pains taken, at some boarding-schools, to sophisticate their minds, they readily acquire that air of seeming sensibility which seems to whisper to the passing Beau, "You can never do better than take me! I am a very amiable girl, indeed!"

In short, "*All the Town's a Stage*," on which a wonderful variety of characters are continually acting—not the parts prompted by nature, but the affectation of whatever qualification they think will recommend them to others. *Cunning* often overshoots its mark: the paltry arts of the debauchee, the quack, and the hypocrite, must eventually tumble like temporary structures; while the man of integrity, like a stately column, shall be admired, both as the strength and ornament of society.

On the Signs in the Metropolis.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Being a man of independent fortune, rather advanced in years, and of a very curious disposition, I frequently amuse myself with perambulating the streets of this extensive "Forest of Chimneys,"

neys," and endeavour to glean such food as may tend to gratify my ravenous appetite for enquiry. —It has often struck me, that the *Signs* in this Metropolis are so opposite to the several professions they are intended to designate, that some remedy should be applied, or we shall have foreigners, in consequence of the influx occasioned by the peace, entering the *Lamb Public-house* for *Fleecy Hosiery*, and the *Rose Bagnio* for a *Bouquet*.

Walking the other day near Smithfield, I was surprized at observing a sign called the "*Cow and Snuffers!*" and, whilst I was endeavouring to throw some *light* upon the subject, and puzzling myself in attempting to discover how a *cow* could *snuff* a candle, or even a farthing rush-light, I was saluted on turning round with a fine varnished board, on which some artist had exercised his ingenuity in painting a "*Goat in Boots!*"—I at first thought this a satire on our old *debauchees*, most of whom hide their spindle legs in the tasselled Hessian; but was told it conveyed a political meaning, and was a poignant philippic against *the Welch Ambassador*.

Pursuing my walk, I observed, against a strong new-built house, a "*Hole in the Wall*;" and chancing to pass near the *Fleet Prison*, perceived, with some surprize, a "*Friend at hand!*"—Over a house kept by "Nic. *Coward*," I saw the "*Fighting* Cocks;" and at a *Crimping Rendezvous*, I remarked the "Tree of *Liberty*."—The "Jolly Gardeners" were stuck up at a *Purl-house*; and it was with much mortification I detected the "Three Graces" at a *Gin Shop*.

Passing by a public-house, the landlady of which was exercising the most *clamorous volubility*, I could scarcely credit my eyes on viewing "*The Good Woman*," or, in other words, "a Woman without a head."—Entering a house for refreshment, I was told, after calling the waiter for an hour, that I was at the sign of the "*Bell*;" and, upon desiring the master of "*the Hen and Chickens*," to send me home a fine *capon*, he shewed me some *cambric*, and assured me it was under *prime cost*. The most ominous sign for the *customer*, I thought, was the "Three Pigeons;" and I own it was with considerable astonishment, when, after ordering a bed at the "Feathers," I was compelled to pass the night on a *straw mattress!*

I breakfasted at the "*Red Cow*," where there was *no milk* to be had; nor could I procure a single *rasher of bacon* at the "*Sow and Pigs*."

It would militate, gentlemen, against the sentiments of your publication, were I to particularize the different degradations of *crowned heads*, though I cannot help mentioning, that, under "*the Crown and Sceptre*," I was almost petrified at observing, in large letters, "Spirits and Compounds, by *Thomas Paine*;" and the hostile name of "*Peter*," under the sign of "Charles the Twelfth of Sweden."—Many other incongruities I witnessed during my walk: such as "*the Royal Oak*," in Broad St. Giles's; a "*Ship*" in full sail up Holborn-Hill; a "*Castle*" over a hovel; the "Prince of Orange," *booted*, on one side of the street, and the "Saracen's Head," *grinning*, on the other; the sign of the "*Bull*," kept by a *Frenchman*, and the "White Swan," by a *Blackamoor*; independent of "Red Lions," "Blue Boars," and all the perverted monsters of the forest.

Were signs, gentlemen, properly analogous to the dispositions and professions of men, much good would result from such a *Pharos* to warn the unwary. I therefore, through

through the extensive circulation of your valuable Magazine, recommend that

A Courtier	*be represented by*	A Jackall.
A Priest		A Wolf.
A Sailor		A Bull-dog.
A Lawyer		A Vulture.
An Alderman		An Ass.
Lord Kenyon		The Eye of an Eagle.
Bonaparte		A Fox; and
Lord Nelson		A Lion.

Your's,

TOM TRUEPENNY.

EXTRAVAGANT STAGE TRICK.

WHEN the Earl of B—— returned from being Viceroy of Ireland, and was asked his opinion of the stage in that country, he replied, "It was conducted so very badly by Rider, (the then manager) that, if he had not been passionately fond of Plays, he would not have attended."

Among many other singular traits of the performers there, he mentioned the following:—One night, Moss, a good low Comedian, but full of the furor of extravagance in his acting, played the character of *Love-gold*, in the Comedy of the *Miser*. To give an additional, and, as he thought, a happy stroke to the part, when he was frantic for the loss of his money, he ran to the front of the stage, and snatched the harpsichord-player's wig off, exclaiming, as loud as he could, "You have got my money! You have got my money! and I'll keep your wig till you return it!" The gentlemen of Cecelia's band instantly clapped their hands on their heads, to secure their wigs, and immediately quitted the orchestra.—The poor man, whose bald head had been exposed, and the sight of which got the ridiculous Player a thunder of applause, could get no satisfaction from Moss for the insult, who called it a *theatrical joke!*

A NEW ANECDOTE OF QUIN.

JAMES QUIN, the actor, so celebrated for his blunt humour and his sensuality, was in the habit of spending his evening at the Three Tuns tavern, in Stall-street, which, at that period, was a tavern of importance, and had the credit of selling the best wine in Bath.—The Vicar of Rodstock, (a village in the neighbourhood) being instigated by the same motives, used this tavern also; and hearing that Mr. Quin was not only a *bon vivant*, but a great drinker, the Parson challenged him to a trial of skill, which took place after dinner. In this Bacchanalian effort, the son of the Church triumphed over the son of the Muse, and by nine o'clock the same evening poor Quin sunk motionless on the floor, when the rubicund Priest bestrode the body of his fallen competitor, and drank another bottle, while he pronounced a *requiem* over the prostrate Silenus.—After this adventure, the Parson proudly walked home, and Quin awaking, staggered towards the Parade, where he resided. His landlady meeting him at the door, was alarmed at his dishevelled appearance, and cried, "Lord, Mr. Quin! where, in the name of Heaven, have you been?"—"At the Two Tuns tavern, mine hostess!"—"Why, Sir, you must mistake! There is no such tavern in Bath! There are the Three Tuns, if you please!"—"There were Three Tuns, you mean, hostess!" rejoined the Comedian: "but *now* there are only Two: for I'll be sworn that the Parson of Rodstock and I have drank up the *other* this evening!"

The LIFE, ADVENTURES, *and* OPINIONS, *of* COL. GEORGE HANGER.

[*Continued from page* 70.]

WHEN the expedition from New York took place for the reduction of the Southern Provinces, my worthy friend Sir Henry Clinton fulfilled the promise he had made me, of giving me a command. It consisted of the two hundred picked men from the Hessian army, Colonel Emetick's company of riflemen commanded by Captain Abthouse, and about sixty German Jagers. On their arrival at Savannah in Georgia, some companies of Provincial light infantry were to be added to the above men; and, at my own request, I was to join my corps to that of my most intimate, affectionate, and deceased friend, Colonel Ferguson, an officer whose distinguished merit and gallantry is well known to the British army. The above-mentioned men were put on board the ship Anne. In the violent gale of wind, which arose about five days after we quitted the harbour of New York, (Sandy-Hook,) this ship ran foul of another in the night, and carried away both her main and mizen masts; of course, having but the foremast remaining, she was compelled to put before the wind, and make every wind a fair one. She found herself unable to make either the American coast, or bear down upon the West Indies; therefore, putting the troops and crew to a shorter allowance, bore away right before the wind, it then blowing hard at north west, and the first port she made was St. Ives in Cornwall. The oldest navigator must acknowledge this as a most singular event—a ship dismasted, bound for Georgia, and driven to England.

The kindest inquiries after my health were made (as I have since been informed) by some of those philanthropic gentlemen who had shared in plundering me of my estate, on their hearing that a corps of soldiers, commanded by Major Hanger, were arrived from America at St. Ives in Cornwall. However, the mutual happiness which both parties would have reciprocally enjoyed at meeting, was for that time prevented, by my having sailed on board the ship John, at the particular request of my worthy friend Sir Henry Clinton, to see that proper attention was paid to three favourite horses of his during the voyage, which were placed under my particular directions. Thus did I escape being driven to England, by which I should have been obliged to have taken a passage once more over that small herring-pool to America to join the army, beside the good fortune perhaps, of falling in with some one of those tender-hearted gentlemen who were so kindly interested in my health, and experiencing from them the pleasure of a familiar tap on the shoulder.

This was a fortunate event for the soldiers in the ship Anne, who escaped, by this singular event, the miseries of ill health, to which all those are doomed who are fated to serve in those intensely hot and sickly climates, whose baneful influence is known only to those who have experienced it. To me it was a misfortune, as it deprived me, for some length of time, of the command of a corps of light troops, so desirable an object to all officers.

My worthy friend Sir Henry Clinton, until an opportunity presented itself of employing me more actively, honoured me, during the siege of Charlestown, by continuing me in his family as one of his aides-de-camps. Before I quit New

New York altogether, I must relate a circumstance that had nearly cost me my life. The Commander in Chief had fallen down to Sandy Hook, preparatory to his sailing with the army, and had desired me to remain in New York till the next day, to bring some papers of consequence to him from his secretary, which were not then finished; and, having received them, I thought of the best means of proceeding to the Hook myself. The transports had all dropped down for some days; and I could not, even in all the river, find a sloop or schooner for my purpose; I therefore, pressed a strong row-boat, with two men, from the Flymarket Stairs, and proceeded on my way to the Hook. The frost had set in intensely severe for two or three days, so that vast sheets of ice floated up and down the channel with the tide. Before I had got half-way to Staten Island, the eddy-tide, from round the back point of it, drove several large sheets of ice into the channel, in which my boat got completely entangled; and we could find no way out, the ice approaching nearer to us every moment. At this instant, Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman in the quarter-master and transport service, was fortunately going down from the dock-yard, in a very strong large sloop. Mr. Hamilton, seeing a boat in distress, surrounded by the ice, and endeavouring to find her way out, knowing the danger we were exposed to, very humanely bore down upon us, breaking, by the force of his vessel, through the flakes of ice. I was on a very intimate footing with Mr. Hamilton, but knew not who my deliverer was, until I came within fifty or sixty yards of him. He was astonished how I could have been so imprudent as to attempt passing down the river amongst the ice in a row-boat. I told him I had been warned of the danger, and knew it at my departure, but I could get no sloop or schooner; and, as the papers were of consequence to the Commander in Chief, it was necessary he should have them, as the fleet was to sail that night; besides, I thought, as the tide of ebb ran very strong down to the Hook, I should not meet any ice in my way sufficient to block me up, as it would go the same way with me, and therefore would not greatly endanger me. Indeed I never dreamed of the shoals of ice that are hurried round the point of Staten Island, by the eddy-tide meeting the other bodies of ice going down to the island with the ebb-tide, which completely hemmed me in between them.

Myself and one of the watermen had not stepped on board the sloop above two or three minutes, when, as the other waterman and my servant were handing a favourite spaniel and my portmanteau out of the boat, a sheet of ice stove her nearly in two. My servant jumped on board; but the waterman slipped down, and would have been crushed between the vessel and the ice, if we had not thrown down a rope to his assistance, and hauled him up. Thus I providentially escaped from a most miserable death, as I was above three miles from any shore, and must evidently have foreseen my death approaching, without any chance whatever of escaping. I arrived, however, safe at the Hook, delivered the papers to the Commander in Chief, and sailed at day-break the next morning. This happened on Christmas-eve.

Had this expedition been delayed forty-eight hours longer, the whole fleet of transports would have been frozen fast in the river, as the frost that winter was more intense

intense than the oldest American had ever known. Incredible as it may appear, it is an absolute fact, that in a few days it froze so intensely, that a regiment of cavalry, cannon, and waggons, passed from Long Island to Staten Island on the ice, over a channel so deep as to admit the largest ships in the British navy to sail up to New York.

The rendezvous of our fleet was at Savannah in Georgia, where I arrived after a tedious passage, owing to contrary winds and the most violent storms, which dispersed a great part of the fleet: there we were obliged to remain until several ships, which had been obliged to put into the Bahama Islands, joined us. The army then proceeded to besiege Charlestown in South Carolina. The greatest part under the Commander in Chief, proceeded by sea; the other, under the command of General Patterson, by land; and both joined their forces before that town.— During the time I remained at Savannah, I had an opportunity of seeing about six hundred Indians, of the Cherokee and Creek nations, preparing and training themselves for war. This sight was very pleasing to me, having never seen any large body of Indians together before.

The Indians abstain from women, take physic, and prepare their bodies for war, by frequently running, and using other manly exercises. In one, not unlike the game we call goff, they shew great skill and activity. They were a very fine race of men. One of their Chiefs came to pay his respects to the Commanding Officer at Savannah. Reader, I think his triumphant entry and dress will at least make you smile. He was mounted on a small, mean Chickesaw horse, about twelve hands and an half high: his dress consisted of a linen shirt, a pair of blue cloth trowsers, with yellow and scarlet flaps sewed down the outward seams; over this he had an old full-dress uniform of the English foot-guards, the lace very much tarnished: a very large tye-wig on his head; an old gold-laced uniform hat, Cumberland-cocked; a large gorget round his neck; a sword, in a belt, hung over his shoulder; a tomohawk and scalping-knife in his girdle; rings in his nose and ears; his face, and breast, which was quite open, painted various colours; and a musket on his shoulder. He was one of the most distinguished Chiefs amongst the whole Indian nations, and was called the *mad dog*. I took him for a madman: and never laughed more heartily in my life than when I first saw him.

The beautiful red birds of that country, which are known in England by the name of Virginia nightingales, are as plentiful in Georgia as sparrows in this country. A negro man had caught a dozen of them in a trap, and offered to sell them to me for a York shilling. I might have had them, I dare say, for six-pence: and the cock-birds are sold in London by the bird-fanciers for three guineas a-piece.

When the siege of Charlestown was finished, and the town taken, Sir Henry Clinton gave me a warrant, in conjunction with my old friend Colonel Ferguson, either jointly or separately, throughout the provinces of South and North Carolina, to regulate, inspect, muster, &c. all volunteer corps, loyal militia, and others; and to inspect the quantity of corn, cattle, &c. belonging to the inhabitants; and to report thereon to Lord Cornwallis, who commanded in the Southern Provinces. Lord Cornwallis most kindly told me, that, although I was separated from my old friend

and

and protector, Sir Henry Clinton, if it was in his power to make my situation pleasant, I had but to command him. To serve under the command of so good tempered and brave a soldier could not but be pleasing to me, and to every other officer who is acquainted with his goodness of heart. I should be wanting in common justice, if I did not testify his kindness and protection towards me, which, from that day to this moment, he has never with-held from me.

The power and command invested in me by this warrant was very extensive: it extended even so far as to empower me to join the race of Carolinians together in holy matrimony. This, however, requires explanation—By the laws and customs of Carolina, all justices of the peace, field officers, and colonels of the militia, had a power to marry, and did marry, the inhabitants who lived at a remote distance from a great town. In the back parts of Carolina you may search after an angel with as much chance of finding one as a parson: there is no such thing—I mean, when I was there. What they now are, I know not: it is not impossible but they may have become more religious, moral, and virtuous, since the great affection they have imbibed for the French. In my time, you might travel sixty or seventy miles and not see a church, or even a schism-shop*. I have often called at a dog-house in the woods, inhabited by eight or ten persons, merely from curiosity. I have asked the master of the house, "Pray, my friend, of what religion are you?"—"Of what religion, Sir?"—"Yes, my friend, of what religion are you, or to what sect do you belong?"—"Oh! now I understand you; why, for the matter of that, *religion does not trouble us much in these parts.*"

This distinguished race of men are more savage than the Indians, and possess *every* one of their vices, but *not one* of their virtues. I have known one of these fellows travel two hundred miles through the woods, never keeping any road or path, guided by the sun by day, and the stars by night, to kill a particular person belonging to the opposite party: he would shoot him before his own door, and ride away to boast of what he had done on his return. I speak only of the back-woodsmen, not of the inhabitants in general, of South Carolina; for, in all America, there are not better educated or better bred men than the planters. Indeed, Charlestown is celebrated for the splendour, luxury, and education of its inhabitants: I speak only of the *heathen race* known by the name of *crackers.*

Had I continued to remain in this capacity with my friend Colonel Ferguson, I might have suffered the same fate as he did at King's Mountain, where he was killed, and his corps defeated. The Americans had such an inveteracy against Ferguson, that they buried all the other bodies, but stripped Ferguson's of its clothes, and left it naked on the field of battle, to be devoured by the turkey-buzards, a species of vulture in that country. I state this merely to shew the inveteracy of the enemy; for it is of little consequence, in my opinion, whether a man's body be devoured by vultures, or embalmed as the Ægyptian mummies are, or buried in Westminster Abbey. If, indeed, as Mahomet is said to have done, I could take my flight to Paradise on a jack-ass, that would be a plasant ride. But fate destined me for other things: my friend, Colonel Tarleton, applied for me to be appointed

* A Meeting-house.

appointed Major to the British Legion; and the Commander in Chief, Sir H. Clinton, appointed me before he sailed for New York.

[*To be continued.*]

Correspondence *upon* Bull-Baiting.

[From the Bury and Stamford Papers.]

To the Editor *of the* Bury Paper.

SIR, Bury, Nov. 6, 1801.

I Am concerned to say, that I came to this town (now in the first year of the 19th century) to hear, yesterday evening, of a Bull-Baiting, which had taken place in the day, pursuant to a custom which assuredly would be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." And I heard that this persecuted creature, instead of being tied to a stake, out of the town, (a sport, if human beings can call it such, sufficiently ferocious and horrible) was driven about, as long as its harassed limbs could support it; and then, whether in cruelty or mercy, at length killed. I understand a shocking and nearly fatal accident took place about three years back, in consequence of this barbarous and shameful diversion, in one of the streets of this town. I hear that this noble but wretched animal was perfectly gentle and inoffensive when turned out;—an aggravation of the horrible cruelty, if it were so: but it needs not, and it scarcely admits of, aggravation. And I was told, that some compassionate persons complaining of the cruelty to the poor creature—the offence to those who were obliged to be spectators—the danger to the innocent and helpless—the injury to the public morals and feelings—and wondering that such a practice was not suppressed, were told (what I can indeed readily believe) that the Magistracy of the borough would have been glad to suppress it, but, with this addition,—that they were unable; for that a Bill in Parliament had been thrown out, which was introduced for the purpose of putting an end to these barbarities. We know that such a Bill was brought in, and thrown out; and it will not soon be forgotten by whose arguments, and by what kind of arguments, and from what station these arguments proceeded. I thought then, and think now, that the chief argument, that of keeping up the natural courage and spirit of the people of England, implied the most unmerited reproach on this country, and on those qualities. These qualities are most remote from an alliance with cruelty. Thus far, however, may be observed,—that, although in *War*, such a custom was useless and odious, in Peace it must appear yet more shocking and abominable. And all such trainings of the minds of a people, to delight in scenes of cruelty, are as dangerous in their tendency to the public peace and order, as they are corruptive of the young and uninstructed, whose most natural principles (benevolence and compassion) they extinguish, and pervert their hearts to the contrary.

But although, for the present, the statute-remedy which was intended has been lost, the Common Law of this country is not so feeble that it *can* not, nor so alien from humanity, individual and general security, and good order, that it *will* not, suppress a *public nuisance* of this shocking and dangerous nature, without the aid of an Act of Parliament: I conclude, therefore, and I am persuaded, that the Magistracy of the town has a legal

Adviser

Adviser and Assessor, and Judge of their Courts, who will not think this opinion unfounded in law,—that such conduct is a breach of the peace, on the part of those who bait the poor animal; that they are liable to be apprehended for it accordingly; and that they are *indictable* for such offence. I remain, Sir, your's sincerely,

C. L.

SIR,

ON the 5th of November, as I entered the town of Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, my horse was startled by the shouts of a mob, who were indulging themselves in the inhuman amusement of baiting a Bull, in a spacious square near the Playhouse. My wife and myself, who were together in a gig, were in great danger of being hurt, or killed, from the fright of the horse; and, when we had with difficulty reached the inn, our feelings were disgusted and shocked beyond measure, at the following relation:—The poor animal had been privately baited in the morning, and goaded with sharp instruments, in order to render him furious enough for public exhibition, which he afterwards experienced, tied down with ropes, baited by dogs, and gored by brutes in the shape of men, till, in his agony and rage, he burst from his tethers, to the terror of his tormentors, and the great danger of the peaceable inhabitants of the place, some of whom were obliged to shut up their shops.—After this the poor beast was doomed to be the victim of still greater barbarity, he was entangled again with ropes, and (monstrous to relate!) his hoofs were cut off, and he was again baited, while he had to defend himself on his mangled bleeding stumps!—"God of Nature!" I cried, "in what country am I? In what period of the world do I live?—I have read of Abyssinian feasts, and of the cruelty of the Dutch boors, about the Cape of Good Hope, to their oxen. In the former instance, the beast is tortured to satisfy hunger; and in the other, they are cut with knives to quicken pain:—but the Bull of St. Edmund's Bury is tormented merely for the amusement of Christian Savages, who take delight in inflicting torture!—Can the most gloomy Divine draw a more horrible picture of the infernal demons, who delight in contriving fresh tortures to inflict upon condemned spirits? — Can the philosophic Windham, the Champion of Christianity and Social Order, stand up in Parliament, and vindicate such amusements?

I found, upon enquiry, that the Aldermen of Bury had tried to prevent such demoniacal proceedings; but the demons are sanctioned by an Act of Parliament!—Surely such an Act is highly disgraceful to the British nation!

Let the poor have their amusements; let them be as gay as they please; nay, let them, if they will, sing and dance on a Sunday, rather than enjoy such a truly hellish amusement as the one I lately witnessed. Your's, &c.

VIATOR.

[From the Stamford and Lincoln Papers] Nov. 20.

ON Friday last reverted the practice, sanctioned only by long usage, of Bull-running, or baiting, in this town; but the 13th falling on the market-day, the *celebration* of this event was postponed to Saturday, when another melancholy accident which afforded incontestible proof that this wanton custom would be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."—After having enjoyed as much sport

sport with their victim, pent in St. George's Street as the *bullards* thought proper, a wider field of operation was afforded the poor animal, which, immediately quitting the town, crossed the Welland in the direction of its home (Bainton). —Here was a field for your true town-born babes to evince their zeal and intrepidity in their *chartered* sport! And in this field we have to lament the accident that put a momentary (alas! only momentary) check to the *pleasures* of the chase:—

Benj. Overton, a horse-keeper, of this place, whilst violently perspiring, out of breath, and in a state of intoxication, plunged into the river after the fugitive bull; and, as might be expected, struck with the sudden intense cold, was unable to save himself from a watery grave. Boats were immediately brought to the spot, and three or four young men (whose humane exertions do them indelible credit) dived for the sufferer; but it was more than half an hour 'ere his body was found, which rendered abortive the means a long time persisted in for restoring animation. —The unfortunate man has left a wife and child, and two aged parents, to deplore his fate.

Love and Magic.

A Young man, named Jean Bayle, wishing to obtain in marriage a girl possessed of thirty thousand francs, addressed himself to some of the dispensers of good fortune in his department, and promised them a handsome recompence if they would gratify his wishes.

These persons, as it may be believed, readily consented; but informed him, he must retire into a certain cave, by himself, for the purpose of communicating the magical operations.

The lover was directed to take with him all his money, in a bag; to drink a certain quantity of a liquor, contained in a little phial, which they gave him; to say, in the course of three days, three prayers; and, at the end of that time, to light up a candle, pierced through with three pins: as soon as the pins became red, the lady with the thirty thousand francs was to yield to the flames of his love.—Lastly, our sorcerers requested the loan of his horse and chaise, for a short journey.

Having given his consent to this request, he descended into the cave, with his money, his dispensers of good fortune, his light, and his phial. He drank the liquor, and began the performance of the other mysterious ceremonies, according to the directions of his magical advisers, firmly persuaded that what they had told him would come to pass, and that he should soon be in possession of the lady, with the agreeable addition of the thirty thousand francs.

Scarcely were these sharpers departed, than he began to experience the most cruel torments, very different from those of Love. He was compelled to run immediately in search of a physician, who having administered a counter-poison, his pains became somewhat mitigated; but it is extremely doubtful whether he will recover the effects of his superstitious credulity.

On searching the cave, there was found the phial, the candle, the three pins, and several pieces of lead, instead of his money; the loss of the whole of which, added to that of his horse and chaise, and to the most tormenting bodily pains, give him sufficient cause for lamentation.

Colours *worn by the* Riders *of the following* Noblemen *and* Gentlemen.

In our First Volume, page 206, we gave an account of the Colours then worn by the different Jockeys; but a period of above nine years having elapsed, several alterations have taken place, by the death of some, and the addition of others to the Turf; we have therefore judged it necessary to state the Colours as now worn.

Duke of Grafton -	Sky blue, with black cap.
Duke of Queensbury,	Deep red, with black cap.
Duke of Bedford, -	Purple and white stripe.
Lord Grosvenor, -	Orange, with black cap.
Lord Clermont, -	Scarlet.
Lord Derby, -	Black, with white cap.
Lord Egremont, -	Dark green, with black cap.
Lord G. H. Cavendish,	Straw colour, with black cap.
Lord A Hamilton, -	Black.
Sir Charles Bunbury, -	Pink and white stripe.
Sir H Featherston, -	Yellow, with black cap.
Sir F. Standish, -	Mazarine blue, with white cap.
Mr. Vernon, -	White, with black cap.
Mr. Panton, -	White, with red cap.
Hon. C. Wyndham, -	Yellow, with blue cap.
Sir Willoughby Aston, -	Black and white stripe.
Mr. Wentworth, -	White sattin.
Mr. Wastell, -	Pink, with black cap.
Sir John Lade, -	Harlequin.
Mr. Bullock, -	Purple, the buttons and button-holes embroidered with silver.
Lord Sondes, -	Straw colour, with black cap.
Mr. Dawson, -	Pea green, with black cap.
Mr. Wilson, -	Light blue, trimmed with black.
Lord Darlington, -	Pink and black stripe, cap the same.
Mr. O'Kelly, -	Scarlet, with light blue cap.
Mr. Hammond, -	Green and buff stripe, and black cap.
Lord Winchelsea, -	Yellow, with black cap.
Lord Belfast, -	Red, with black cap.
Mr. Galwey, -	Straw colour with purple sleeves, and straw-coloured cap.
Lord Sackville, -	White, with black cap.
Mr. Broadhurst, -	Pink, with black cap
Mr. Delme, -	Blue, trimmed with pink.
Major Lewis, -	Blue and yellow, with yellow cap.
Sir J. Honeywood, -	Purple waistcoat, with orange sleeves and cap.
Mr. Lade, -	Blue and yellow broad stripe.
Mr. Cookson, -	Purple trimmed with crimson, and black cap.
Mr. Churchill, -	Yellow, with purple spots.
Lord Clarendon, -	Black waistcoat, with red cap.
Mr. Sharpe, -	Blue, with black cap.
Mr. Concannon, -	Purple, with black cap.
Sir J. Shelley, -	Orange.
Mr. Hutchinson, -	Green with crimson collar, and black cap.
Mr. Hallett, -	Orange with black sleeves.
Mr. Golding, -	Yellow and purple stripe.
Mr. Durant, -	Pink and white broad stripe.
Mr. Heathcote, -	Green and orange stripe, and black cap.

The Exact Distances *of the* Courses *at* Newmarket.

	Miles.	*Furlongs.*	*Yards.*
The Beacon Course is - - -	4	1	138
Last 3 Miles of ditto -	3	0	45
Ditch-in - -	2	0	97
The last Mile and a Distance of B. C. -	1	1	156
Ancaster Mile -	1	0	18
Fox's Course -	1	6	55
From the Turn of the Lands in -	0	5	184
Clermont Course, from the Ditch to the Duke's Stand -	1	5	217
Across the Flat -	1	2	44
Rowley's Mile -	1	0	1
Ditch Mile -	0	7	178
Abingdon Mile -	0	7	211
Two Middle Miles of B. C. - -	1	7	125
Two Years Old Course	0	5	136
Yearling Course -	0	2	147
Round Course -	3	6	93
Duke's Course -	4	0	184
Bunbury Mile -	0	7	208
Dutton's Course -	3	0	0

Pedigree *and* Performances *of* Gabriel.

HE was bred by the Earl of Ossory, and got by Dorimant; his dam by Highflyer; grand dam by Snap, out of the dam of Chalkstone, Iris, Planet, &c.—She was got by Cade, out of the Little Hartley mare.

In 1794, Gabriel (then the property of Sir J. Honeywood) won a Fifty Pound Plate at Newmarket, beating Lord Sackville's Spider, and three others, and a match for One Hundred Guineas at Epsom, giving nine pounds to Mr. Hammond's Portland; and the same day won the Fifty Pounds Plate.

The same year (when the property of Mr. Delme) he won the Sweepstakes for all ages, and two Fifties, at Canterbury.

In 1795, at Newmarket, he won the first class of the Oatlands Stakes, beating Hermione, Polyanthus, Gohanna, Patriot, Aimiator, and several others.—Received compromises in three matches, viz. with Lord Sackville's Silver, Sir W. Aston's Pandolpho, and Sir J. Shelley's Lady.—Beat Lord Clermont's Aimiator a match for Three Hundred Guineas, carrying eight stone each, over the Course; and won the King's Plate, for six year olds, weight twelve stone, being then only five years old.

In 1796, he won the King's Plate at Newmarket, beating Sir F. Poole's Waxy, Lord Sackville's Silver, and two others; walked over for the King's Plate at Winchester; and won the King's Plate at Nottingham.

He is now a Stallion at Bishop Burton, near Beverley, Yorkshire.

Extraordinary Odd Fishes.

A Piece of water, at Thornville, Yorkshire, which for several years had been ordered to be filled up, and for which purpose logs of wood, roots of trees, rubbish, &c. had been thrown into it, lately being found useful, the steward was ordered to clear it out. Persons were accordingly employed, and, though almost choaked up by weeds and mud, so that little water remained, and no persons conceived any fish, except possibly a few large eels, would be found, yet about two hundred brace of tench of all sizes, and as many perch, were found; about ten brace of which were from three to four pounds weight each.

After

After the pond was supposed to be quite free, under some roots there seemed to be an animal, which was conceived to be an otter. The place was surrounded, and on opening an entrance among the roots, a tench of a most extraordinary form was found, having literally assumed the shape of the hole, in which he had, of course, for many, many years, been confined. His form was an irregular semicircle: his length, from fork to eye, was two feet nine inches; his circumference, to almost the tail, was two feet three inches; his weight, eleven pounds, nine ounces and a quarter; his colour, that of a char, or a vermillion.

This extraordinary fish (there being a sculptor in the house) was sketched, and a model is taking of it.

After having been shewn to many sporting men, it was carefully put into a pond; but, either from confinement, or age, or bulk, it only floated, and with difficulty at last swam gently away. It is now alive and well.

AS Captain Bochar, of Granville, who is still alive, was fishing for cod-fish in the harbour of Ferole, in the Strait of Belleisle, in North America, one of his men had a line with a mackarel as bait for the cod, and took upon his hook a fish called a *Marache*, but which is not found in the European seas.

The Marache is a third part cartilaginous in its bone, and on the exterior is rather of the cetaceous quality.

This fish was eighteen feet long, and not more than eight feet in its greatest diameter. Neither the hook, nor the line, which was no thicker than whip-cord, could have resisted the efforts of such an animal, if it had made any resistance; but, yielding to the pain, it suffered itself to be drawn along-side the sloop as the line was pulled, and there one of the fishermen cleaved its skull with a hatchet, and with several more blows killed it, and it was afterwards towed on shore.

A very large *monk-fish*, nearly five feet in length, was a few weeks ago caught in a troller, near the mouth of Whitehaven harbour.

The monk-fish is a species of the *squalus*. Its shape is between that of the long and flat cartilaginous kind of fishes. It is covered with a mucous substance, but under it the skin is harsh, and rough enough to serve for the polishing of wood or ivory. It is of a brownish grey on the back and sides, and white under the belly: the head flatted and roundish, and the mouth large, and opening at the extremity of the snout. In the mouth are three rows of teeth, eighteen in each row.

A great number of flooks were found in its belly.

It was purchased, and sent to the Museum at Kendal.

AN uncommon large fish, of the Shark kind, was lately taken and brought on shore at Blyth, by the fishermen of that place, not without great difficulty, as well as danger.

The body measured twenty-nine feet and a half in length, and at the shoulders sixteen feet in circumference, decreasing gradually towards the tail.

The mouth was placed near the extremity of the head, in which were numerous teeth, disposed in several rows around the jaws: they were small, sharp pointed, and bending inward. It had five linear apertures across the neck, with flaps covering the gills.

On the back were two fins, the anterior one considerably larger than the other. Underneath the ventral

ventral fins was a double genital, which is appropriate to the males of this genus; and below them, a small anal fin, near the tail.

The skin was very rough, of a light grey colour on the sides, and growing darker towards the back.

It agreed, in general, with the *Catulus Maximus* (Greatest Dog-fish) of Linnæus, who says, that "It inhabits the Arctic Ocean, rivals a whale in bulk, is of great agility, and subsists principally on the *Medusæ*, or what are commonly called Sea-Jellies, or Blubbers."

A most uncommon non-descript animal has lately been exhibited at Liverpool.—In its form, we are told, it approaches nearest to the Land Tortoise, has a tail exactly like a Crocodile, and is extremely fierce.

More Pugilism.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

WALKING into a coffee-house, at the west end of the town, a short time since, and being told by the waiter that the *Oracle and Daily Advertiser*, in which I wanted to see an account of the late boxing-match, was engaged by three companies deep, I was compelled to wait patiently my turn, when I reflected that human nature ever has and ever will be so subject to quarrels, some trifling, and others serious; and that custom has established, in every nation, a mode of decision consonant to the manners, genius, and temper of it's natives. The antients fought with infinitely more ferosity than the moderns, using the *cestus*, which consisted of leather thongs, to each of which was attached a lump of lead, which were hurled round the head with uncommon strength and velocity: indeed the elegant Bard of Mantua has in his Æneid given so accurate an account of the Cestus Fight, that I defy even Burk, the heroic Butcher, (who is, no doubt, a *Latinist*) to read the celebrated combat between Entellus and Dares, without feeling his teeth chatter, and his jaws ache most sympathetically.

The Greeks boxed, but so unfairly, that the combatant first knocked down was beaten upon the ground till he was killed. The Americans seize each other by the hair, and mutually screw their thumbs into the eye. The Swedes slap each other open-handed. The French either cut each other down genteely with sabres, or politely run one another through with small swords. The Dutch, Portuguese, and Spaniards, kindly scarify each other with knives,—the Turks with daggers,—the Irish with cudgels—and the effeminate Italian *thrills a cadence*, and musically stabs you with a stiletto.—So much to prove the general prevalence of fighting!

One thing further, Gentlemen. As there are so many *various* ways of fighting in this country, why should *pugilism* be particularly reprobated? and why should it be more allowable for

A Courtier to fight with bows.
A Blood pistols.
An Attorney (seconded by John Doe and Richard Roe), writs.
A Counsel, briefs.
An M. P. scurrility.
A Fishwoman, eloquence.
A Lover, vows.
A Lady, the tongue; or for, Belcher and Burk to set-to, with fists?

Your's,
PHILO-PUGNI.

The Fighting Cocks, Hockley in the Hole, Saturday night.

THEATRE,

THEATRE, COVENT GARDEN.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9.

A New Opera, called, *The Chains of the Heart*; *or*, *The Slaves by Choice*, was brought forward this evening.

This story is taken from the Siege of Ceuta, about the year 1415: when that place was taken by the Portuguese through the prowess of Prince Henry, the celebrated patron of navigation, and in a joint attack where great naval and military ardour was displayed. The author has, with much ingenuity and effect, interwoven a little French piece, called *Guinace* into his plot; and has given us sufficient variety of character, from the accomplished hero and the suffering noble captives to a *ci-devant* dancing master and a regimental cook.—To enter more minutely into the story would be ridiculous to those who mean to see the piece, because it would prevent the author from "elevating and surprising," and would be entirely uninteresting to the novel-reading masters and misses.

Of Mr. Hoare's talents, as a dramatic Poet, the public has long known the extent. Many of his pieces have made "laughter hold both his sides," and forced the smile of approbation from the most fastidious. It is to be lamented, that in the present he has sacrificed too much to the fancy and caprice of the Performers, till his scenes appear disjointed and his plot irregular. The critic, unacquainted with the stage, would be ready to condemn his judgment; while those who are sometimes behind the curtain, know too well how many difficulties the writer of an Opera has to encounter: nor would wonder, if by the continual changes of poetry and situations during a rehearsal, he should not even know his own Piece on the first night of representation.

The Performers sustained their parts with great propriety; Miss Murray looked and acted charmingly. Messrs. Munden, Fawcett, and the two Johnstones did all that could be done. Madame Storace appeared too unwell to form a just opinion of that improvement in voice and science which the amateurs contend for.—Of Mr. Braham it is impossible to speak too highly: his rapidity, flexibility, rotundity, and certainty of tones, are indescribable; he is perfect master of the half notes, and expresses the sentiment with equal fire and feeling—he betrayed, in our opinion, two faults very easily remedied, the one loading the airs with chromatic divisions, and almost tiring the ear with rapid execution—we should wonder more, and admire the more, if he sometimes gave us a simple melody unaccompanied with this waste of ornament; he sang one verse in the ballad of the third act with such exquisite sweetness and simplicity, as to warrant our assertion, for it was felt by the audience. The other fault consists in—how shall we speak it technically? It is impossible—it consists in tiring tones like those of the bugle horn, only more dissonant; this is not a good description of it, we must descend to a very vulgar phrase, he seems to be what children call "breaking out in fresh places." — We before mentioned that these faults are easily remedied; and then he will be a perfect singer. We have heard whispers of much jealousy between him and Mr. Incledon; this need not be; their only competition should be, who can please the public most; as few things can be less easily compared than the talents of each; they are so entirely dissimilar

lar as to remind us of the old Irish story, when the servant asks which his master would prefer, to have his wig *oil'd* with, vinegar or mustard?

In discussing the merits of Braham and Storace, we cannot help halting for the purpose of paying a just and proper compliment to the spirit of Mr. Harris, in collecting such a combination of musical talents, as to soar above all other musical spheres through all the annals of opera.

If we consider Braham as the first tenor in the known world; Storace as the most scientific and humorous Buffa: Incledon, with the voice and feeling of a true-born Englishman, and possessing a taste and execution little inferior to the richest of the Italian school; if we look towards Mrs. Billington, "who

> . . . . . "takes the prisoned soul,
> "And laps it in Elysium,"——

where can be found, either in ancient or modern times, so liberal, and so sweet a banquet.—To him "who has no music in his soul" we would not apply the harsh passions and scowling manners which our Poets ascribe to him; yet we cannot but pity the enjoyment he loses in being unable to taste so fascinating, so rational, and so luxurious an entertainment. The undertaking has, no doubt, been hazardous, for the expence is great beyond all common calculation; still, from the present taste for excellence in all the sciences, no less than in that more delightful one, music, it appears, almost to a certainty, that the Proprietor's speculation will be sufficiently remunerated—and we heartily wish him success, for "he has deserved it."

The dresses and scenery are magnificent. The following is a specimen of the Poetry—

AIR—Mr. Munden.

When I was a tiny boy, no higher than my knee,
A chubby boy, a merry boy, as any you could see,
So nice the women handled me,
And fondled me, and dandled me,
They call'd me their dear little slave;
Round about my neck then, they tied a silken string,
Come along, my chicky bid, you pretty little thing!
I rattled well,
And tattled well,
And prated well,
And waited well,
I was ev'ry thing the ladies wish'd to have.

When I grew a little man, a pretty little man,
Good Lord! how nimbly after me the merry lasses ran!
So pleasing me,
And teazing me,
Admiring me,
Desiring me,
A nod from me the pretty creatures crave!
High and smart my turban then at all the girls I set,
Ev'ry where, with ev'ry fair, is handsome Azam met;
What, tho' I own,
I'm older grown,
Yet, so complete,
From head to feet,
I hope I'm still the very thing the ladies wish to have.

A True Member of the Church Militant.

A Clergyman, in Devonshire, remarkable for nothing but his wit, and a life perfectly inconsistent with his profession, particularly the practice of pugilism, one Sunday, after divine service, had a quarrel with some of his parishioners; in which a severe battle ensued, but though he had several to encounter with, he gained a complete victory. The next Sunday, his antagonist appeared at Church with black eyes, and other marks of his prowess;

ess; when, to add to their mortification, he very archly took his text from these words of Nehemiah xiii. 25.—" And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God," &c.

Anecdotes of the late Dr. Monsey.

[*Continued from page* 71.]

IT was (I believe, but am not certain) at the table of the Duke of Leeds, that our Chelsea Physician sometimes met Leonidas Glover, who soon after married a lady of an athletic make and constitution, and then made a rural excursion.

" Have you seen Glover since his marriage," said an acquaintance: " I fear he is lost."—" No," said Monsey, " but I hope he has not perished, like his hero, in the Straits of Thermophylæ."

I have said that he occasionally amused himself in rhyme, and I have seen a long Poem, in doggrel verse, in which many humorous sallies and laughable stories occur: but it was not remarkable for clearness of language, closeness of connection, or delicate expression.—This performance, for a reason I am not acquainted with, he called Jack Shade, and it is still extant.

As an excuse for listening to the Goddess of Nonsense, whom he invoked as his Muse, he used to plead long confinement from the gout in both his thumbs—an unaccountable reason, I confess, for seeking, or at least being able to find, amusement with his pen.

But at the age of eighty-four he addressed a copy of verses to Miss Berry, a young lady, who, if I recollect right, lived at Chiswick—a poetical effort which Pope need not blush to own—but who, with the feelings of a man, could behold Miss Berry without love, emotion, and desire!

He was not much in the habit of exercising his pen either on medical or miscellaneous subjects for public view.

An account of his drawing up, of a man whose body was blistered whenever the sun shone upon it, has been published, with the Doctor's successful mode of treatment.

And my medical readers may possibly recollect a description he gave, in some periodical publication, of the case of Mr. Fraine at Chelsea, a being marked by fate for horrible and hideous nervous affection, for a family destroyed in their bloom by suicide, and for his own untimely death.

His son, an amiable young man, in the memory and (I trust) the esteem of many of my readers, destroyed himself before his glass in the Temple soon after his return from his travels, because he hinted to his father, that as he had educated him as a gentleman, he ought to support him as one, and received in return abuse and cruelty. The daughter, the very character drawn by Marmontel in Agathe, in the Connoisseur, whose eyes spoke love and benevolence, whose heart was the seat of tenderness and sentiment, put an end to her existence soon after a marriage she was teized into with one man, while her heart was with another. Not long after, this father received a blow on his head as he was hastily getting out of a coach, of which, in a few hours, he died.

The effects of the disease, described by Monsey in the case he published, were, a shocking wolf-like yell, agonizing pain, attended with diabolical distortion of countenance; none of which could be relieved

relieved but by the constant application of the hand of an attendant to the upper and back part of his head, which was in all places, and on all occasions, unceasingly stroked or tapped.

Such an accumulation of personal and domestic calamity, on any other man, would have the strongest claim to our pity—his children certainly have to our tears.

The father, a man of considerable fortune, very much increased it by firmly adhering to a rule, which was never to pay any debt till obliged to it by a course of law, in which he was so well versed as to evade or terrify a number of claimants—it would be severe to say he deserved such evils.

Monsey, as a Physician, was of the old Boerhaavian school, and adhered to rules which he used to say he had sanctioned by fifty years trial; of course he either knew not or neglected the acknowledged improvement of the moderns both in theory and practice. But Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden can bear witness to the frequency of his happy prognostics, his minute and accurate delineation of symptoms, and his undeviating attention to nature.

That he was a nasty dog, wore a dirty shirt, and was fond of contrayerva, is the utmost that the malignity of Ranby could object against him.

"Thou, Nature, art my Goddess," he used to say should be the Physician's motto.

The medical authors he most attended to were Hippocrates, Boerhaave, Friend, Simpson (of St. Andrew's), and Sydenham.

In polite literature, Horace and Juvenal, Swift and Pope, claimed his strongest approbation.

Of Horace's productions, the Ode beginning "Ulla si juris tibi pejerati," and the Satires where Davus and his Master appear in dialogue, he most admired.

"Adde quod horam tecum non esse potes,
"Teque ipsum vitas fugitivus ut erro,"

he often and emphatically repeated.

Of Juvenal, the Satire beginning with "Omnibus in terris," and in Pope, the Essay on Criticism, he perused with most pleasure.

With the Translator of Homer, as Dr. Warren thinks, or, rather, as in his first volume, he did think, he conceives that good poetry ceased.

He was highly gratified with the perusal of Gibbon's History, and waited on him to thank him for the pleasure and instruction he received. The historian received him with politeness, and, after a variety of subjects, his altercation with Mr. Davis came on the carpet. "Mr. Davis," said Gibbon, "accuses me of not having a sufficient number of books; if he will call any day, *when I am not at home*, the servant shall shew him my library."—Mr. Gibbon entered into the contest with Davis very reluctantly. "I was forced into it," he would say; "but I think it very hard, after declining the massy polemic club of a Horsley, and the fine-edged blade of a Watson, to encounter the rustic cudgel of a Davis.

Mandeville's Fable of the Bees he often read, a book which, from the peculiar wording of its second title, and from the outcry at first made against it, has rouzed the groundless fears of the zealous, and, like many other books, attained an apparent consequence to which it is by no means entitled, either for novelty or dangerous tendency.

The tenet of Mandeville, as old, I believe, as the Christian æra, was merely this:—Providence severely punishes wicked men, but at the

same

same time extracts advantages even from their vices. Is it credible that a doctrine setting Divine wisdom and policy in the highest point of view, should have been presented by a Grand Jury, and furiously attacked by a Bishop?

Mandeville inherited cunning by his Dutch extraction. His father had fled from Holland, because, in a popular commotion, he had pointed out to an exasperated mob where there were cannon, with which they might soon level the house of a concealed, but unpopular, Burgomaster.—"We know he is in the house," said the Boors, "but can't find him, so let's set it on fire."—"He'll escape in the smoke and confusion," said old Mandeville: "level the house into a heap of ruins with your great guns, and the bird cannot escape." His advice was instantly followed.

Mandeville (I speak of the author of that name) had the art of adopting alarming, and of course saleable, titles for his works, such as Private Vices Public Benefits, The Virgin Unmask'd, A Defence of Public Stews, and An Attack on Charitable Foundations. In this last, though he carries his doctrine too far, his arguments are generally right, and his deductions proved by late experience to be just.

[*To be continued.*]

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

Horse Causes, &c.

COURT of COMMON PLEAS, Dec. 8.

O'KELLY *v.* PERRING AND CADELL.

THIS was an action of trover, brought by the plaintiff to recover a race horse, named Wrangler, which had been seized by the defendants, on the 2d of December, as Sheriffs of Middlesex, under an execution against the Marquis of Donegall, but the plaintiff contended it was his property.

Sir Charles Bunbury was first called, and deposed that he sold the horse to Colonel O'Kelly during the Brighton races 1800, for three hundred guineas, and was to have the further sum of fifty guineas the first time the horse won a match, which he did the next week at Lewes.

The Marquis of Donegall deposed, that the horse never was his property. On his cross-examination he admitted, that the horse was taken care of in his stables at Epsom, with some other racers; that it ran at Oxford races in his name for the King's plate that year; Colonel O'Kelly was present.

Here Lord Alvanley ordered a clause of an Act of Parliament of George the Second to be read, which enacts, "that if any horse shall be entered to be run for a King's Plate which is not *bona fide* the property of the person who shall enter it, the horse shall be forfeited, and treble his value." His Lordship then said, he did not see how, after this, it was possible to contend that the horse could be considered as the property of Colonel O'Kelly, and thought the cause should end here.

The Counsel for the plaintiff thought proper to proceed, and the Noble Marquis was shewn by the counsel for the defendant, a letter, which his Lordship admitted was his writing, to a man of the name of Larkins, who had the care of this horse, containing some directions respecting him, but his Lordship denied that Larkins was in his service, saying he was Colonel O'Kelly's servant.

Colonel Mathew swore he was present at the Oxford races when

 Colonel

Colonel O'Kelly matched Wrangler with Mr. Cookson's Jack Andrews, when the Marquis "d—d him for a Bolter, and said he would have nothing to do with him." On cross-examination the Colonel admitted, that it was the practice of Colonel O'Kelly to match the race horses of the Marquis.

An under-groom, who had conveyed Wrangler from Lewes to Oxford, and from thence to the Marquis's stable at Epsom, was then examined. He swore he did not know who hired him, but he was paid by Colonel O'Kelly and Chiffney, the Marquis's principal groom. He acknowledged Wrangler was brought to town with the other racers that were at Epsom, belonging to the Marquis, and were all seized at Moorhead's stables.

Larkins was then called, and on being asked whose horse he considered Wrangler to be? he said, the Marquis of Donegall's.

The Lord Chief Justice here said the cause was at an end; and the plaintiff was nonsuited.

Another action of a similar nature was tried against the Sheriff of the county of Sussex. The Marquis's carriages, horses, &c. were seized at Brighton for twenty thousand pounds, but by a private agreement with the plaintiff, he was allowed the use of them, a Sheriff's officer remaining in possession. The Marquis took them out of the county. In the course of the trial, the Marquis in Court swore the horses were the property of his training groom. He said he executed a bill of sale of the horses to Sutton, his training groom, in part of a debt he owed him of one thousand four hundred pounds, or one thousand five hundred pounds, and that he had agreed to allow him one hundred and sixty pounds, or one hundred and seventy pounds a year for the use of them, but they were fed at his Lordship's expence.

Lord Alvanley here expressed much anxiety to see the bill of sale, and to have the officer's discharge produced; but neither of them were brought forward.

The defence set up was, that the plaintiff took off the responsibility of the Sheriff by his private agreement with the Marquis.—Verdict for the defendant.

Wrangler, it has been noticed, deserves his name. He is not more celebrated upon the Turf than in the Attornies' Offices, and has gained a victory in Westminster Hall as *near by the neck* as he will ever win at York or Newmarket.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

SATURDAY, NOV. 21.

A BOLD STROKE *for an* ESTATE.

A Rule was obtained in the Court of King's Bench, in the late Term, by Mr. Scarlet, to file a criminal information against William Withrington, Thomas Weaver, John Groom, and John Sharpless *alias* Flat, for conspiracy; and the affidavits charged them with one of the boldest conspiracies that ever was entered into.

It was sworn that these men, of whom one is a bankrupt cheesemonger; another, a man who called "*Hot peas! all hot!*" through the streets of Deptford; and a third an attorney, who had passed *seven years in the hulks*, conspired to set up Withrington as heir at law to Lord Withrington, who died in 1774, possessed of large estates in the north of England.

With that intention they repaired to Durham,—printed hand-bills, setting forth a pedigree false in every particular,—distributed them among the tenants of the manor of Stothen,

Stothen, now the property of a Mr. Standish,—by various artful pretences prevailed upon some of them to attorn to Withrington as their rightful lord,—collected an immense crowd, by giving a grand dinner,—and proceeded in a tumultuous manner to take possession of the mansion house.

Amongst other artifices, Withrington promised the tenants, that the whole of the estate should be laid out in small farms; that he would present them with half a year's rent each; and that the peasantry should have milk *gratis.*

The Court granted a Rule.

AN UNQUAKER-LIKE QUAKER.

BURTON *v.* DAY.

Friday, Dec. 11.]—Mr. Erskine stated, that this was an action brought by the plaintiff, a gardener, in the service of Mr. Smith, a Quaker, a person of fortune at Walworth, against the defendant, a member of the Walworth corps of Volunteers, for an assault.

On the night of the general rejoicing for the termination of hostilities against the French Republic, the plaintiff was directed, by his master, to attend before his house, and prevent the mob assembled there committing any excesses.—All the houses were illuminated, except Mr. Smith's.—Mr. Day, and some other gentlemen of the corps, had been to Major Burn's, whose house was splendidly illuminated, and had fired a *feu-de-joye* in commemoration of the day, and in honour of their officer.

A number of persons had assembled before Mr. Smith's house, and a stone was thrown, and broke one of the windows. Upon another stone being thrown, by a person of the name of Cooke, the plaintiff asked who he was? upon which Cooke immediately fired a gun close to his ear, as a sort of insult, and loaded it again. The defendant took the gun out of Cooke's hand, and said to the plaintiff, "What are you doing here? Go away!"—The plaintiff was standing before his master's house, without any weapon of offence, when the defendant, who ought, as a member of a volunteer corps, to have protected him against any breach of the peace, forgetting his situation and character, fired his piece close to the plaintiff, who had put up his hand to prevent its coming too near him. The defendant afterwards turned round, clubbed the piece, struck the plaintiff with the butt-end, and cut open his face. He was preparing to repeat his blow, when several persons interfered, and prevented him.

Several other witnesses having deposed to the same effect, the Attorney General said, it was not his intention to cast any discredit upon a sect tolerated by the laws of the country; but he could not avoid observing, that a set of people, who had no participation in the dangers of war, but who lived protected by society, without furnishing any part of that protection they received, ought to be the first to rejoice at an event which put a period to the calamities of war. If there was any person who had more particular reason than another for rejoicing at peace, it was a Quaker, and one who carried on a profession which had been peculiarly obnoxious. In the course of the unfortunate and shameful tumults that had recently taken place, persons of that description had been marked out the objects of popular indignation, and therefore it might have been expected they would have rejoiced more than any other

set of men, at a peace that relieved them from the inconveniences to which they had been subjected.—His learned friend had said, it was contrary to the religion of Quakers to illuminate their houses, or shew outward demonstrations of joy upon any occasion. He knew not what part of their code his learned friend might have read, justifying that opinion: he did not think their religion commanded them to preserve a gloomy sadness, when every one round them was rejoicing. The present action was not so much the action of the plaintiff as his master.—What did the evidence of the plaintiff amount to?—That a few members of a volunteer corps, in the ebullition of their joy, had fired a *feu-de-joye* opposite their Major's house, which was next door to Mr. Smith's: the plaintiff came up, and declared, if any man fired again, he would knock him down: the defendant, to whom the piece in the hands of Cooke belonged, took it from him, and did fire; upon which the plaintiff carried his threat into execution, by assaulting him. This Quaker had no right to spread his gloomy sadness beyond his own family: he had thought it would render him obnoxious, to come forward himself to claim redress for his broken windows, and therefore had promoted this action by his servant, for a supposed assault.—In the case of Mr. Rawlinson, of Lancaster, whose windows had been broken, he had alledged, that it was not consonant to his principles to rejoice for any warlike successes, that were attended with the loss of the lives of so many of his fellow creatures. This was reasoning in a Quaker-like manner: but it had never been known before, that a Quaker had refused expressing his joy for the return of peace.

A number of witnesses were examined for the defendant. The result of their evidence was, that Cooke had fired off the piece across the road, and that the plaintiff said it had flashed in his face, which the other denied. The plaintiff d—d him, and said, he would knock the first man down who fired again. The defendant came up, and told the plaintiff he had no business there, and he would fire in any way he liked. That the defendant did not present his piece with a view to insult the plaintiff; but that, in consequence of the plaintiff putting himself in a menacing attitude, and offering to assault him, he did strike him with his piece, but not so as to hurt him.

Mr. Erskine replied: after which Sir S. Le Blanc having summed up the evidence, the Jury retired for about two hours, and returned with a verdict for the defendant.

HACKET *v.* BLUNDELL.

This was an action for the value of a mare warranted sound. It appeared, the animal so far from being sound, had the disorder arising from water in her chest, which wholly incapacitated her from going through the least fatigue; in fact, in the course of a tedious and painful journey to Gravesend she was knocked up, and soon after died.

As is usual in cases of this kind, the opinions of the hippophysical tribe (always contradictory to each other) formed the most prominent feature of the evidence. The result was, a verdict for the plaintiff for the value of the mare.

GUN *v.* WHITE.

This was an action against the defendant, for unskilfully and negligently driving his chaise against the plaintiff's horse.

The

The evidence stated, that on the 23d of October last, about six in the evening, the plaintiff drove his chaise very rapidly down the City Road, on the wrong side of it, where, encountering the plaintiff's horse, the shaft went through part of his chest, entering at the shoulder-bone, and coming out near the saddle-plate.

Several witnesses were called on the side of the defendant, who attempted to establish that he was going a moderate pace, and on the right side of the road; but scarce any two of them agreed in one fact. —Verdict for plaintiff—Fourteen Pounds.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

ANN ANDREWS *v.* MORRISON.

Saturday, Dec. 12.—Mr. Erskine, who led in this cause, descanted upon the injuries arising to a young woman who had been courted for marriage, and abandoned by her lover. Perhaps, he said, no injury was so severe—loss of fortune and loss of friends might be borne; but no one could endure a wounded spirit. A woman who had been thus addressed and deserted, was disparaged. However amiable or virtuous she might be—she no longer remained of the same value, for there was a pride in the nature of man, that he would not esteem that which might have been enjoyed by another and had been rejected. In the present case he should shew that the defendant went the length of purchasing the ring and licence, but suddenly stopped short without any reason and married another. The licence, he stated, had been in the possession of the young woman, but was obtained from her by the defendant, who sent the parish beadle for it. Having made some humourous allusions to the gravity and importance of such a messenger, he proceeded to call the evidence to substantiate his case.

William Andrews, brother to the plaintiff, said, he knew the defendant; he was a baker in Goswell-street, and lived opposite to him. The witness's father was now dead; he was a grocer. The families had known each other many years, and visited as neighbours. The defendant had visited for three years at their house, as suitor to his sister. Since his father's death, he had heard him say that he intended to marry her. In April or May last, he presented his sister with a wedding ring. He asked, "if it would do?" She said, "Yes!"—He then said, "there was nothing further to be done, but to go to church;" and added, "When shall that be?"—She answered, "That is for you to say."—"Shall it be next week?" "If you please," was her answer. —He had also frequent conversations with the defendant, respecting his property. He had represented himself as having 150l. *per annum* more than his business; which, he said, he would settle all on his sister. He told him, "that would be imprudent, and foolish."

On cross-examination, he said, he did not think the defendant a fool:—he was not of the brightest parts, nor of the most steady deportment.

Ann Andrews, the mother of the young woman, gave the same testimony. She saw the ring on the table, though she was not present when it was first given. She remarked, that she had not been consulted; upon which the defendant asked, if she would give her consent? She said, she would.—A licence was received by her daughter

daughter from Mr. Morrison.—In May, by his invitation, she went to see his house, and she expressed her satisfaction at finding every thing better provided than she expected.

On cross-examination she said, that, after he had sent the licence, he abstained from coming to the house for three weeks. It was then that she went to visit his house; and her daughter and she took a walk with the defendant that evening. She denied that there was any quarrel.

[The register of the defendant's marriage with another woman was put in, and read.]

Joseph Hawes, the Beadle of St. Luke's, stated, that, by the direction of Mr. Morrison, he fetched away the licence from Mrs. Andrews's.

Mr. Gibbs, for the defendant, contended, that the contract was rescinded between the parties; and stated, that after they had taken the walk, as stated by Mrs. Andrews, finding they could not accommodate the difference, the licence was by mutual consent given up the next day. The circumstance of its having been fetched away so soon afterwards, he argued, was sufficient proof of the fact. He said, the marriage was also not approved of by any of the defendant's friends; not from any imputation against the plaintiff, but only because she was thought to be too highly educated for a simple Baker's wife.—To make out this case, he called

Jane Gilmore, sister to the defendant, who spoke to a conversation between her and the plaintiff on the day the licence was procured, in which the plaintiff declared, that she was incapable of attending to the Baker's business, as the witness's mother had done. She also stated, that Miss Andrews proposed that the witness should attend to the business, and she live in the dining-room.—So far from her brother having 150l. a year, clear of his business, she did not believe he had a shilling more than would pay his debts.

Mr. Erskine having replied, and the learned Judge summed up, the Jury, with little hesitation, found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages *Two Hundred Pounds.*

HORSE-WARRANTING.

WARDLE *v.* WHITE.

Monday, Dec. 14.]—This was an action by the plaintiff, a gentleman of Durham, against the defendant, a horse-dealer, upon the warranting of a horse.

William Guy, clerk to the defendant, proved the hand-writing of White, in which he undertook that the horse in question was sound.

William Giddins, servant to Mr. Wardle, said, he remembered the day when the horse in question was brought to Kendall's livery stables, where his master's horses stood. The following day, or the day after, he rode it out as far as Hyde Park: he then discovered the horse was lame; the lameness was in the hind off-leg. Upon examination, he found it had a *curb* (a swelling under the fetlock).—His master was then at Ascot: he informed him when he came home; and, on the seventh day, the horse was returned to the defendant.

John Pritchard, ostler at Kendall's, said, he remembered when the horse came: it was on the 8th of June; and he immediately discovered it to be lame.

Theophilus Coombe, Farrier in Theobald's Road, said, he examined the horse, and found it lame, with a curb in the off hind-leg.

On

On behalf of the defendant, —— Collinson, a horse-dealer, said, he was with Mr. Wardle when he bought the horse: he tried it in all its paces; and the horse was then sound.

Several other witnesses were called, who swore that the horse was sound.

Lord Kenyon said, when he found it was a Horse cause, he expected contrariety of evidence; for they usually had it in such cases. —His Lordship was, however, of opinion, that the weight of evidence was in favour of the plaintiff. —Verdict for plaintiff, *Forty-five Guineas.*

CRIM. CON.

CORNWALL *v.* WRIGHT.

Tuesday, Dec. 15.]—Mr. Erskine stated this action to be brought to recover a compensation in damages from the defendant, for criminal conversation with the wife of the plaintiff.

The learned Counsel said, that much of this case would depend upon the circumstances complained of. If it should appear to the Jury that the plaintiff had paid every attention to his family, and that the defendant had broke in upon his conjugal rights, then they would give such damages as the injury required. He was certain of being supported by his Lordship, in saying, that whatever a person's station in life, complaining of such an injury, might be, no damages could be too great, where the offence was clear; but, if the party complaining stood in a contrary predicament, then he had no right to a verdict. He understood the defendant meant to say, that this was one of those infamous class of cases which merited no attention: he should, therefore, make no preliminary observations, but wait the event of what shall be disclosed. If it should appear otherwise, and that this woman was virtuous until seduced by the defendant, and that the plaintiff's conduct was meritorious, they would give their verdict accordingly.

[The copy of the register of the plaintiff's marriage was produced, by which it appeared that he was married on the 8th December, 1795, by banns, to Jane Rowe Pearson, widow.]

Mr. Tolson was present at the wedding. The plaintiff had formerly lived with the witness; and since the marriage he visited him. He always thought Mrs. Cornwall appeared comfortable, though she sometimes complained the plaintiff staid out late at night. The plaintiff is a grocer, and the defendant is also in the same business, in partnership with Mrs. Eagleton, of Newgate-street.—He is a single man, and lodged at the plaintiff's house.—In March last, the witness was sent for by the plaintiff, when a conversation took place, in consequence of which he waited upon the defendant, and told him, that it was a very unpleasant piece of business which had occurred at the plaintiff's.—The defendant then agreed to meet and settle the business with the witness. Accordingly, on the following day he met the defendant, and Mr. Tomlinson, his attorney.—The witness said, that what passed on that occasion was in *confidence*, and he could not disclose it.

Mr. Parke submitted, that he had no right to withhold it.

Mr. Tolson then proceeded. He said, the defendant informed him how the connection first happened between him and Mrs. Cornwall. —She called on him, and said, she wished to speak to him out of doors. He accordingly went out with

with her, and they appointed to meet in Aldersgate-street. They met, and went to some house there, where Mrs. Cornwall told him she was very unhappy with her husband; and that, if he approved of it, she would put herself under his protection. She asked him to do something. He said, he could not for shame do it. He then went out, and presently returned, and told her it could not be complied with; and then the act of adultery took place, and from that day it was carried on. She was frequently teazing the defendant in the shop. —On his cross-examination, he said Mrs. Cornwall used to come down from her husband's bed, to let the defendant in; and at those times had nothing on but her bed gown, and behaved otherwise indecently.

Mr. Erskine here said, that in a case, like the present, so singularly circumstanced, he must withdraw the record: he had withdrawn it last Term, and wished the plaintiff not to bring it on, but he obstinately refused.

Lord Kenyon said, if a man would run his head against a wall, there was no help for it.

Mr. Attorney General observed, this was a most abominable case. If it had gone on, he had evidence to shew the plaintiff's conduct to be most infamous, and that he was ———

Lord Kenyon said, out of mercy to the plaintiff, he thought it best to have him called.

Plaintiff *nonsuited.*

A Notorious Swindler.

During the late session at Clerkenwell, came on the trial of Thomas Ogle, otherwise Surtees Pullen, otherwise William Smith, otherwise Thomas Robinson, otherwise Captain Johnson, otherwise Charles Pashford, otherwise Lieutenant Pullen, otherwise William Batty, a notorious swindler, who has been for several years defrauding all descriptions of persons, by assuming different characters, going by various names, and using a great many artful pretences.

He was tried upon two charges. In the first charge it appeared that he had gone to the house of Mr. King, at the Blacksmith's Arms, Lower East Smithfield, which is a house of resort for Captains and Masters of vessels. He pretended he was a Captain Johnson, of the Hannibal West-Indiaman, just arrived from Jamaica; that his ship was at Limehouse-hole, and he was going to fetch her up to King James's stairs. After sleeping at the house one night, the next morning he applied to the landlord to advance him five pounds, which he said he wanted to pay his seamen, and buy some fresh provisions, as he was going on board.—That sum Mr. King lent him. He came at night, and slept again at the house, and told the landlord he had been and brought the ship up to King James's stairs, and was very much fatigued, as he was obliged to do it himself, for the pilot was drunk. He desired to have some water-gruel, and then went to bed. The next day, he said his father, who was owner with him of the vessel, was coming to town, and desired a bed might be well aired for him, as the old gentleman was not in very good health, and that every care might be taken of him. He then said, he was going to the Custom-house to enter his vessel, and wanted more money; upon which the landlord advanced him ten pounds more: and he desired, when the cart came with his trunks, that they might be taken particular care of. He then went out to go to the Custom-house, but returned

returned to Mrs. King, in the absence of her husband, and obtained five pounds more from her, as he said he had not enough to pay for entering the vessel. He then went to the Custom-house again, as he pretended, and returned, saying, the thieves at the office would have ten pounds more, or his vessel would be detained a fortnight before he could unlade her: upon this the landlord advanced him another ten pounds.—He then ordered his dinner and wine, and enquired of the landlord how he could get a turtle sent into Yorkshire, as he had brought over six fine live ones; and if he could dress one at his house on the Friday following, as he intended to have a party of captains of ships to dine with him, about a dozen in number: which the landlord agreed to do. The prisoner also agreed to let him have two ——— of particular fine old rum, which he said he had brought from Jamaica —The prisoner went out after dinner, saying, he was going to spend the afternoon with a captain on board his ship, in the same tier as his lay; and, if he was not at home by ten o'clock, not to sit up for him.

Mr. King did not see him again till he saw him in custody, a few days after, at the office in Bow-street, where he had been apprehended on another charge of a similar nature. At this time he had Mr. King's notes in his possession, but which he refused to restore him.

It turned out that the prisoner, instead of being a captain of a West-Indiaman, had lately been discharged from the Poultry Compter, under the Insolvent Act. He had formerly been a gentleman's servant, but for the last seven or ten years he had lived by swindling only, which he had practised to an enormous extent; and, when taken to the office in Bow-street, it is supposed there were at least an hundred persons to make charges against him.

The prisoner was very ably defended by the Common Serjeant and Mr. Alley, who took an objection that the offence was not within the Act of Parliament, as it appeared that the prisoner had obtained Bank-notes only, and the Act of Parliament only expresses "money, goods, wares, and merchandizes," and that Bank-notes were not within the meaning of either of these words. Upon this objection, the prisoner was acquitted.

He was then tried upon a second indictment, in which it appeared he had defrauded Mr. Wrangham, a Stationer in Bond-street, of three valuable pocket-books, under pretence of living servant with Mr. Wentworth, who was then at Fladong's Hotel, and wanted some pocket-books to look at; in consequence of which Mr. Wrangham let him have the books, but saw no more of him till he was apprehended at Bow-street. Upon this charge he was convicted, and sentenced to be transported for seven years.

Sporting with Undescribables; or, wind *versus* wind.

When General B——e was resident some years ago at the court of one of the native princes in India, he had occasion to have frequent interviews with the Prime Minister. It is the custom in India, even amongst the natives of the highest rank, to *eruct* frequently, and loudly, while they converse, without its being considered a breach of politeness. The Minister, ignorant of European manners, frequently distressed the

General, who was a polite man, during the conferences, by encouraging these windy discharges from his *stomach*; which was the more offensive, from the custom, that prevails amongst the Indians, of approaching very near to the person with whom they converse.

The General, feeling himself hurt by the constant repetition of what *he* considered as too great a familiarity, resolved, at the next interview, to retaliate upon the Minister, *though not exactly in his own way*. This resolution he very soon executed; and, notwithstanding the mode he adopted was *equally a relief to flatulency*, (though in direct opposition to the discipline of *Pythagoras*, who, on that account, forbid his disciples the use of beans) it gave great and indelible offence to the Minister. The insult was instantly reported to the Prince, and by him to the English Government at Madras. The complaint was communicated to the General, together with a peremptory order from the Government that he should make the most ample apology.

Gen. B.'s answer to the Government was, that he was much surprised to find so foolish an incident should have been the occasion of so serious a complaint, and especially that they should appear so much hurt by it: that he had not the smallest intention of offending his Excellency the Minister; and that, as an easy mode of settling the affair satisfactorily, he proposed that *the offending parts should kiss, and be friends!*

The above correspondence is actually among the archives of the Diplomatic Office at Madras.

The Force of Prejudice.

A Lady of exquisite beauty and great accomplishments, the wife of a gentleman of high rank in Calcutta, shortly after her arrival there was delivered of her first child, which was a female; immediately after whose birth it was entrusted, as is the custom in the East, to a native wet-nurse. When the lady was sufficiently recovered to observe the attendants who were about her, particularly the nurse who had the care of the child, she was struck with inexpressible horror at the idea of her child taking nourishment from the breast of a *black* woman. A deep melancholy took possession of her mind, which the arguments of her numerous friends, in addition to those of her husband, (who, on other occasions, was *most eloquent*) were unable to remove or assuage.

When all hope of dissipating the gloom, to which her prejudice had reduced her, were given over, and her husband was brought nearly to despair, a military gentleman, well acquainted with him, and lately arrived at Calcutta, on being informed of the circumstance, requested he might be permitted to pay his respects to the lady, which was immediately granted.

When the cause of her sorrow had been stated to him by the lady herself, who declared that she distinctly perceived the child grow *darker* every day, and that she verily believed, before she was a year old, she would be as *black* as the nurse herself, the gentleman, taking her kindly by the hand, said, "My dear madam, why do you suffer such ridiculous fancies to take possession of your mind, and render you so very miserable?—*I myself have* been in the habit of eating *mutton* for more than forty years, and I have not yet the least appearance of *wool* upon any part of my body!"

This laughable observation had a better effect than all her husband's

learned

learned and moral arguments, and immediately occasioned a return of her usual chearfulness and vivacity.—The mother and daughter are still living; and the latter, in spite of the *black nurse*, is as beautiful and *fair* as an angel.

Pedestrian and Drawing Matches.

CORNET Sampson, of the 11th Light Dragoons, has engaged to walk ninety miles in twenty-one hours and a half, for one thousand and fifty guineas. He has fixed upon the same ground on which Mr. Barclay performed his time-match. The stated time is, from the 24th of November to the 24th of December next, and to give eight days notice previous to the day he means to walk. He is now training himself at Headon. in Holderness.—He is a gentleman of low stature, very light made, and about twenty-two years of age.

On Wednesday morning December 2, at half past seven, Thomas Dennison, of Thirsk, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, set out to walk to York, thence back to Carlton, about two miles and a half north of Thirsk, and thence to the house he started from, against Thomas Bradley of the same place, for thirty guineas a side. Dennison performed the journey, being about fifty-one miles, with considerable ease, in nine hours and a quarter, leaving Bradley from nine to ten miles behind.

On Thursday, December 3, a walking-match took place, between Lieutenant Foote, and Mr. Ship, Veterinary Surgeon, both of the 11th Light Dragoons, for ten guineas a side, to walk fifteen miles; they started near Pocklington, and walked to York, which was won by the former gentleman. They each performed the journey within three hours.

On Monday se'nnight, Mr. James Hobson, of Beverley, set off from that place to walk to York (a distance of more than twenty-eight miles) in six hours and a half, for a small wager. He performed the journey in five hours and forty-five minutes, being forty-five minutes less than the time allowed.

On Wednesday, December 2, an officer of the 18th Light Dragoons, undertook to draw a gig from the barracks at Brighton, to Lewes, a distance of more than six miles, in four hours, for a considerable wager, which he won easily, by performing the novel and laborious task in less than three hours

The same day, a lieutenant belonging to the 16th Light Dragoons undertook to draw a similar carriage, from the top of Lewes to Brighton barracks, for a wager of twenty guineas, in three hours and a half. The lieutenant, at starting, staggered very considerably with the draught of the carriage; and, by the time he arrived at the top of Falmer hill, appeared so much fatigued, that it was thought by the spectators he must have given it up; he, however, after refreshing himself with a glass of brandy and water, proceeded, and reached the goal, we understand, two minutes within the given time.—When the above last-mentioned officer had arrived within a few yards of the barracks, and it was pretty apparent he must win his bet, the person who had been requested to carry the lieutenant's watch, and give him the time when he desired it, was knocked down, and cruelly beaten, by a man who had attended the carriage the whole way as a spectator, and who appeared to be interested in the event.

On

On Wednesday the 9th, a young gentleman of Christ's-college, Cambridge, walked ten miles upon the Milton Road in one hour and forty minutes; the first five miles he performed in forty-five minutes, and the whole was done with the most apparent ease. One hour and three quarters was the time allowed.

A tradesman in Bond-street, has also made a deposit of three hundred guineas, in part of a wager of two thousand pounds, that he would walk ninety miles in twenty hours and a half, being one hour and twenty minutes short of the time which Mr. Barclay took for a similar performance. The same tradesman, last year, for a wager of twenty guineas, undertook to walk from London to Hampton Court carrying thirty pound weight, in a certain space of time, which he performed in one hour and thirty minutes.

Comparative Speed of Celebrated Horses.

THE betting in the late race was 6 to 4 and 11 to 8 on Cockfighter. Sir Solomon took the lead, was never headed, beat his antagonist three-fourths of a mile from home in a very capital style, and by about a length and a half at the ending post.—Cockfighter run a very honest beaten horse.—The two first miles was run in three minutes, and the whole of the four miles in seven minutes and between ten and eleven seconds.—The course at Doncaster (twice round for four miles) is four hundred and eight yards short of four miles, or three miles three quarters and thirty-two yards.

In 1721, Flying Childers (carrying nine stone two pounds) ran a trial against Almanzor and Brown Betty, over the Round Course at Newmarket, in six minutes and forty seconds, and over the Beacon Course in seven minutes and thirty seconds.—The Round Course is three miles three quarters and one hundred and three yards in length; and the Beacon Course is four miles and three hundred and fifty-eight yards in length.

In 1755, Match'em and Trojan (carrying eight stone seven pounds each) ran over the Beacon Course in seven minutes and twenty seconds.

At York, in August 1766, Bay Malton ran over the Four-mile Course in seven minutes forty-three seconds and a half, against Jerkin, Royal George, Flylax, Beaufremont, and King Herod, which was seven seconds and a half less time than the course was ever run before.—The first four were six year olds, and carried 8st. 7lb. each, and the two last were aged horses, and carried 9st.

And in March, 1799, Hambletonian, 8st. 3lb. Diamond, 8st. ran the Beacon course at Newmarket, in seven minutes and fifteen seconds.

Capital Sale of Horses, &c.

ON Monday, December 14, was sold by auction, by Mr. Tattersall, near Hyde-Park Turnpike, part of the Stud of his Royal Highness the Duke of York. Also, some capital Hunters, Hacks, &c. belonging to several Sporting Noblemen and Gentlemen, viz.

Duke of York's.

1. A bay horse, aged, 120gs.
2. Little Isaac, a chesnut gelding, 5 yrs old, got by Little Isaac, grand-dam by Mr. Bouchritt's Regulas, qualified for any stakes; 125gs.
3. Don Joseph, 5 yrs old, got by Little Isaac, 130gs.

4. Pantaloon,

4. Pantaloon, a bay gelding, 6 yrs old, by Pantaloon, 91gs.
5. Atlas, a chesnut gelding, 6 yrs old, by a son of Atlas, dam by Blacklegs, 135gs.
6. Brown George, aged, 71gs.
7. Spectre, a black gelding, 6 yrs old, by Spectre, 78gs.
8. Windlestone, a brown gelding, 6 yrs old, by Windlestone, 57gs.
9. A bay mare, by Telemachus, 53gs.
10. Cora, a bay mare, 6 yrs old, by Skyscraper, 55gs.
11. Kitty, a brown mare, aged, by Cottager, 50gs.
12. Grog, a bay gelding, 6 yrs old, by Grog, dam by Clothier, 86gs.
13. Whirlwind, a bay gelding, 6 yrs old, by Whirlwind, 29gs.
14. A bay mare, 6 yrs old, by Spectre, dam by Minister, 38gs.
15. Fogram, a bay gelding, 5 yrs. old, by Escape, out of a sister to King Fergus, 150gs.
16. A bay horse, 5 yrs old, by Sir Peter, out of Storace, 110gs.
17. Twenty - eight Couple of Dwarf Fox-hounds, sold by private contract.

MR. BULLOCK'S, MR. MOORE'S, &c.

18. Silvertail, a bay gelding, 25gs.
19. Egmont, a chesnut gelding, well known as a capital hunter in Leicestershire, 69gs.
20. A bay horse, 6 yrs old, by Escape, dam by Marske, 40gs.
21. A brown gelding, by Falcon, 65gs.
22. Drone, seven years old, uncommonly fast, and one of the highest leapers, standing or flying, in England, 29gs.
23. Chesnut gelding, by Mercury, dam by Trentham, 65gs.
24. Spanker, a hunter, 50gs.
25. A grey gelding, 35gs.
26. A roan gelding by Revenge, dam by Aurelius, 61gs.
27. Sportsman, a bay gelding, 25gs.
28. Duncan, a brown ditto, 29gs.
29. Lowton, a chesnut ditto, 29gs.
30. Yellow Jack, a brown horse, 35gs.
31. Mercury, a chesnut gelding, by Mercury, 32gs.
32. Brown George, a brown ditto, by Snap, 49gs.
33. Greyhound, a grey ditto, by Revenge, 52gs.
34. Rasper, a chesnut ditto, by Vertumnus, 58gs.
35. A bay gelding, by Highflyer, 32gs.
36. A ditto ditto, by Staring Tom, 23gs.
37. A grey ditto, by Columbus, 36gs.
38. A bay mare, by ditto, 23gs.
39. A bay poney, 19gs.
40. A ditto ditto, 13gs.

Besides a number of Hunters, Hacks, &c.

CHRONOLOGICAL REGISTER,

Of the Death of the most famous Stallions.

BASTO, in the Duke of Devonshire's stud, at Chatsworth, Derbyshire, about the year 1723.

Bay Bolton, at Bolton Hall, Yorkshire, 1736, aged 31.

Fox, in Lord Potmore's stud, in 1738, aged 23.

The Belgrade Turk, in the possession of Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, Bart. about the year 1740.

Childers, in the Duke of Devonshire's stud, about the year 1741, aged 26.

Hartley's Blind Horse, Halnaby, near Richmond, Yorkshire, about the year 1742.

Partner, in Mr. Croft's stud, at Barforth,

Barforth, Yorkshire, the latter end of the year 1747, aged 29.
Old Crab, on Christmas Day, 1750, aged 28.
Godolphin Arabian, at Hogmagog, in 1753, aged 29.
Blaze, in 1756, aged 23. He covered in 1755, at Mr. Smith's, Scorton, near Richmond, at 5gs and 2s. 6d.
Cade, at Easby, near Richmond, in September 1756, aged 22. He covered in the Spring at 10gs and 2s. 6d.
The Bolton Starling, at North-Milforth, Yorkshire, March 24, 1756, aged 29.
Snip, at Kenton, Northumberland, May 8, 1757, aged 21. He covered at 10gs and 2s. 6d.
Dormouse, at Mr. Edward Hale's, Westmoreland, in 1757, aged 29. He covered at 40gs and 1g.
Buffcoat, in 1757, aged 15.
Ramper, at Did Martin, Gloucestershire, in 1758, aged 22.
Young Cartouch, at Hampton-court, in 1759.
Tartar, at Mr. Smith's, at Oulston, Yorkshire, the latter end of 1759, aged 16. He covered at 5gs and 5s.
Sedbury, about the year 1759, aged 25.
Babram, at North-Milforth, Yorkshire, in 1760, aged 20. He covered at 10gs and 5s.
Drudge, at Bridge Hill, near Canterbury, 1760, aged 15.
Whynot, at Bell-size, Middlesex, in 1764, aged 17.
The Cullen Arabian, at Rushton, Northamptonshire, in 1761. He covered at 10gs and 5s.
Regulus, at Low Gaterley, near Richmond, Yorkshire, in 1765, aged 26. He covered at 10gs and 5s.
Young Cade, of a bilious cholic, at Middleton Tyas, near Richmond, Yorkshire, Nov. 27, 1764, aged 17.
Little Driver, at Sutton, Surrey, in 1767, aged 24,
Spectator, at Grimthorp, Lincolnshire, about the year 1767, aged 28.
Blank, at Grimthorp, Lincolnshire, in 1768, aged 28. He covered at 10gs and 5s.
Tortoise, at Scarborough, Yorkshire, in 1776, aged 14.
Snap, at West Wratting, Cambridgeshire, in July, 1777, aged 27. He covered at 50gs and 10s. 6d.
Sampson, in Lord Rockingham's stud, in 1777, aged 32.
Amphion, about the year 1777, aged 10.
Le Sang, in the North of Yorkshire, in 1778, aged 18.
Marske, in Lord Abingdon's stud, at Rycot, Oxfordshire, July 1779, aged 29. He covered at 100gs and 1g.
King Herod, at Newmarket, May 12, 1780, aged 21. He covered at 25gs and 10s. 6d.
Match'em, at Bywell, Northumberland, Feb. 21, 1781, aged 33. He covered at 50gs and 1g.
Imperator, in August 1786, aged 10.
Morwick-Ball, at Mr. Vevers's, Jan. 4, 1787, aged 25.
Chrysolite, at York, in the summer, 1788, aged 25.
Eclipse, at Cannons, Surrey, Feb. 26, 1789, aged 25. He covered at 30gs and 1g.
Goldfinder, in 1789, aged 25.
Fortitude, at Balsham, Cambridgeshire, 1789, aged 13.
Phlegon, at Greystock, Cumberland, 1790, aged 25.
Conductor, in August 1790, aged 23.
Faggergill, in August 1791, aged 25.
Florizel, the latter end of the year 1791, aged 23. He covered at 10gs and 10s. 6d.

Paymaster,

Paymaster, at Field-House, near Darlington, 1791, aged 25.

Tandem, at Highflyer-Hall, in February, 1793, aged 20.

Sir Pepper, at Brumpton, Yorkshire, January 15, 1793.

Mercury, at Petworth, Sussex, in April, 1793, aged 15. He covered at 30gs and 1g.

Highflyer, at Highflyer-Hall, October 18, 1793, aged 19. He covered at 30gs and 1g.

Pontifex, at Reeth, Yorkshire, in 1794, aged 23.

Slope, at Catterick, Yorkshire, in 1794, aged 12.

Aston, at York, December 28, 1796, aged.

Standard, at Wentworth Lodge, in May, 1798, aged 8.

Phænomenon, after landing at New York, in America, the latter end of the year 1798, aged 18.

Woodpecker, in the Earl of Egremont's stud, at Petworth, Sussex, the latter end of 1798, aged 25.

Rockingham, in the Autumn, 1799, aged.

Young Marsk, at Aldburgh, near Masham, Yorkshire, October 28, 1800, aged 31.

Ajax, in the Earl of Lonsdale's stud, at Lowther, Westmoreland, November 7, 1800, aged 29.

Pot8o's, in Mr. Golding's stud, at the Upper Hare Park, near Newmarket, early in November, 1800, aged 27.

Extract from a Singular Will respecting a Dog.

THE following is an extract taken verbatim from the Will of Samuel Treviathuan, late of the parish of Padstow, in Cornwall, carpenter; dated 26th November, 1729, and which Will now is in the Registry of the Consistorial Court of the Bishop of Exeter.

"Item, I do give unto my dear wife, or my daughter, or to whose hands soever he may come, one shilling and sixpence weekly, for the well-treating my old dog, that has been my companion through thick and thin, almost these fifteen years. The first time he was observed to bark was, when that great eclipse was seen April 22, 1715. I say, I do give one shilling and sixpence a week, during his life, for his well-mealing, fire in the winter, and fresh barley-straw every now and then, to be put in his old lodging, in the middle cage, in the old kitchen; to be paid out of my chattle estate, and forty shillings a year, that I reserved to make me a freeman of the county; desiring and requiring all people and persons, whomsoever, not to hurt or kill him, that hath been so good a servant of a dog, for sense and tractableness, to admiration."

This Will was proved by the daughter and executrix, 10th Aug. 1732.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The following circumstance happened in this town, (Liverpool) a few weeks ago. If you deem it worthy your notice, I beg you will give it a place in your Magazine. I am, &c.

I. I. E.

ONE Doctor D——, had a person who had served him three apprenticeships in the capacity of man-servant, but who should originally have learned the business of his master. The morning after his last servitude was out, Jack went to his master, and informed him he was going to leave him.—"Leave me," answered the Doctor, "for what?"—"Why," answered Jack, "I have been with you three times seven years, and don't know my business yet; whilst the other apprentices, because they are Gentlemen, learn it in one-third

of the time."—"Well," says the Doctor, "is that the only reason you have for leaving me?"—"Yes," answered Jack, "it is."—"Why, then," replied the Doctor, "if you will stay with me seven years longer, and clean my shoes, &c. as before, I will learn you my business; you shall go out and visit the sick with me." It was agreed they should go the next morning. Accordingly they went; the Doctor knocked at the door; it was opened by the wife of the man that was sick; he inquired how his patient was; "Very bad, indeed," was the answer.—"*Bad,*" vociferated the Doctor, "Why he has been eating oysters."—"I only gave him two or three," said the woman. At the same time, Jack was racking his brain, to know how his master could tell the man had been eating oysters. But, however, when they were going home, Jack asked his master, "How he could tell the man had been eating oysters."—"You fool, you," said the Doctor, "did you not see the shells under the bed." The next morning Jack was to visit this patient alone, whilst his master was otherwise engaged.—When Jack arrived, he found the woman in tears. Jack asked how his patient was. "Dead" was the answer. "Dead," cried Jack, "impossible, my master told me he would not die; but, however, I must see him." He saw him—dead, indeed. "Why," said Jack, he has eat enough to kill a dozen men; but I shall go and acquaint my master." Accordingly Jack went, and found his master at home. "Well, Jack," said the Doctor, "how is your patient?"—"Dead, Sir; and, indeed, no wonder, for he has eaten enough to kill a *dozen men.*"—Why, what has he eat?"—"Eat," said Jack, "he has eat a *horse.*"—"A *horse,*" said the Doctor, "but how do you know?"—"Know," said Jack, "there was only the *saddle and bridle* left under the *bed!*"

Importance of Walking Matches.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

THE wonderful feats which some gentlemen have lately performed in walking, are not to be considered as trivial or unimportant to the public. They have already led to some singular discoveries, which will probably end in as singular improvements.

We have already learnt that our bodies are naturally unfit for the exercise of walking, and that a great deal of solemn preparation is necessary before a gentleman can foot it to any advantage. The consequence has already been, that many gentlemen are now studying the anatomy and physiology of the lungs, and the proper means of securing such a portion of wind as may be adequate to a handsome wager, while the vulgar part of mankind are content with the breath that life usually requires.—The faculty have been consulted on the occasion, but their practice has been so much with people who cannot stir a foot, that they know not how to prescribe for patients who are going on at the rate of five miles an hour. And as this has hitherto been the quality of horses rather than men, I am in doubt whether the faculty will not be glad to turn over these new cases to the Veterinary College. An eminent empiric, indeed, taking advantage of the rage of the moment, has prepared, what he calls, *Pedestrian Pills*, and when he has procured a few well-attested cases, which is the

the practice with such gentry, I will venture to say, he will soon be enabled to ride in his coach, by enabling other people to trudge on foot.

The process of preparation, as I am informed, consists, partly in extreme temperance, which, by the bye, will not hurt a man even if he were to sit still after it—and partly in certain prescriptions, which will convert a man into a being somewhat between a *porter* and a *cannibal*, namely, carrying heavy burthens and eating raw flesh. Carrying burthens may be useful; it seems likely enough that a man who can walk well under two hundred weight, will walk better without it; but as to the raw flesh, I do not so plainly see the use of it. A peripatetic of my acquaintance, however, has suggested, that this is prescribed, not during preparation, but when the feat is begun, to save time on the road. Cooks may be bribed to foul play, and *coming* Sir may be repeated till the hour is past. Besides, it is pretty well known that it is easier to get a beefsteak raw, than properly dressed, in most inns on the road.

But whatever may be the advantages of this new employment, there are always some who have a budget of objections. I know that the owners of stage-coaches have taken the alarm, and if horses could speak, they would doubtless complain of a practice that is likely to render them useless, at a time when the disbanding the cavalry has taken so many of them into the wide world. The bailiffs, too, mean to petition against the new fashion, but their complaint I cannot think very reasonable; at all events they have the means of redress in their own hands. If some are going in training to *walk*, let others go in training to *follow*. We should then have a clearer conception of what is meant by *leg-bail*.—As to murmurs among the gentlemen of Long Acre, they are still worse founded. No man of fashion now rides in his coach, or has any thing more to do than to pay for it. The house, the rout, the coach, the chariot, the curricle, are all Lady ——'s, or Mrs. ——'s. And the ladies are not likely to adopt the new fashion. It is too expeditious for shopping, and not expeditious enough for an elopement. It may do for a short distance, but one can't procure a *relay* of legs, and what a shocking thing it would be to *founder* on the road to Gretna Green, or *break down all four* on the first stage!

Upon the whole, there are so many advantages in this new exploit, that I am of opinion it amply merits public encouragement; and I have taken the liberty to send you these few hints, as preparatory to a treatise which a learned friend of mine is now writing, to be entitled "EVERY MAN HIS OWN HORSE." In this he lays down all the various modes of training, from five miles to an hundred, and this in so perspicuous a manner, that it must be the reader's fault if ever he is out of *breath*.

I suggested to him, indeed, some doubts of the propriety of teaching this science by books, that the sedentary employment of *reading* would counteract the benefit arising from the instructions. But he obviated this by observing, that *boxing* and *bull-baiting* had not only been taught by books, but even recommended in *speeches*, and that as to his own work, he should contrive that reading and locomation should go together, and the student be placed on a *hobby-horse*.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your's, &c.
PERAMBULATOR.

Longevity.

A Few days ago, a person walking in the grounds belonging to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, at Alnwick Castle, observing three very aged men at work in one place, was prompted by curiosity to enquire how long each of them had been engaged in that employment; when he learnt the following no less true than remarkable statement:—

James Walker said, he had been employed in the service of the above noble family for a period of *sixty-seven* years!

Thomas Kay declared, according to the best of his recollection, he had been full *sixty* years in the said employment!

Joseph Frizzle said, he had been *twenty-seven* years in the Duke's service.

It appears, therefore, that the servitude of the two former must have commenced at the time when the Percy estates were possessed by the Duke of Somerset, father to the late Duchess of Northumberland.

The same person was informed, that in his Grace's grounds three other men were also employed, the periods of whose service are as follow, viz.

Charles Hardy, upwards of *fifty-three* years!

William Loraine, full *thirty-five* years!

Matthew Davison, *forty* years, some short intervals excepted!

So many instances of lengthened servitude, we are fully persuaded, are rarely to be paralleled in one Nobleman or Gentleman's estate.

During the time the grounds were laying out for improvement in Hulme Park, near Alnwick, the above-mentioned William Loraine, who is by profession a gardener, stuck a small twig into the earth, merely as a mark, which has since so much increased in growth, as to be not less remarkable for the magnitude of its circumference in the trunk, than for the extent of its spreading branches.

Boxing Correspondence.

from the

Oracle & Daily Advertiser

To the Editor.

Sir,

I Was somewhat astonished, on my return to town on Saturday, to learn that a Challenge was inserted in your paper of Thursday last, as if from Mr. Mendoza.—Should I be right in my conclusion by believing that it comes from that celebrated Pugilist, I beg you will inform the public, through the medium of your paper, that for some years I have entirely withdrawn from a public life, and am more and more convinced of the propriety of my conduct, by the happiness which I enjoy in private, among many friends of great respectability, with whom it is my pride to be received on terms of familiarity and friendship. Goaded, however, as I am to a petty conflict, I hope that it will not be considered as too much arrogance, on my part, simply to observe, that, after waiting for more than three years, to accept the challenge of any Pugilist, however dexterous in the science, and however highly flattered by his friends, I think it rather extraordinary that Mr. Mendoza should add a silence of four years to those three, it being nearly seven years since I had the satisfaction of chastising him for his insolence. But Mr. Mendoza

doza derived one great good from the issue of that contest:—he was taught to be less hasty in forming his resolutions, and more slow in carrying them into effect.

This cautious and wise principle of action deserves much commendation; and having served an apprenticeship of seven years, to learn a certain portion of artificial courage, he now comes forward with a stock of impudence (the only capital which, during that time, he seems to have acquired) to force me to appear once more in that situation which I have for years carefully avoided.

Reluctant, however, as I am, to attract again, even for a moment, the public attention, I shall have no objection to vindicate my character, by a meeting with Mr. Mendoza, when and where he pleases,—PROVIDED he'll promise to fight; and provided he'll also promise not to give previous information to the Magistrates of Bow-street, or elsewhere.

Flattering myself that your readers, and the public, will pardon this intrusion on their more precious time, I am, Sir,

Your's and their's,

Monday, Most respectfully,

Nov. 30, 1801. JOHN JACKSON.

MENDOZA'S ANSWER *to* JACKSON.

MR. EDITOR,

IT was with inexpressible concern that, in your paper of Wednesday last, I observed a letter signed "JOHN JACKSON," purporting to be an answer to a supposed challenge from me, inserted in your detailed account of the recent pugilistic contest at Maidenhead. Mistake me not, Sir, I was not concerned at the contents of Mr. Jackson's elegant effusion, nor in the least affected or surprized at the opprobrious falsity, brazen impudence, or malignant calumny, of his assertions, which I deny *in toto*; but felt particularly hurt at the idea that I was compelled either to sit down tamely under injury, or incur the risque of offending my best friends, and particularly the respectable Magistrates of this division, by resuming a profession which, both from principle and conviction, I had wholly relinquished.

In order satisfactorily to refute Mr. Jackson's allegations, it is only necessary to observe, that, a month after our battle at Hornchurch, I waited on him, upbraided him with his unmanly conduct, by laying hold of my hair, and offered to fight him for two hundred guineas. Jackson proposed to fight for one hundred guineas; and, upon that sum being procured, declined fighting under five hundred guineas!!—Here was courage!! Here was consistency! Here was bottom! And yet Mr. Jackson is a man of honour, *and of his word!!!*

Mr Editor, after this I left London for five years, which may easily account to Mr. Jackson for the interval of silence. I have fought thirty-two pitched battles—four with Humphries (three of which I won), and two with Will Ward, in both of which I was victorious.—These two men were both game, and good fighters; and of course, having received so many severe blows, my only motive for wishing again to fight Mr. Jackson, must be that spirit of honour and retaliation ever inherent in the breast of man.

Mr. Editor, I again repeat, that I am delicately situated; that I wish to fight Mr. Jackson, and intend it; but that, from a dread of injuring my family, by offending the Magistrates as a challenger in a newspaper, (which would be indecorous in a Publican) I can only observe,

observe, that I should be very happy to see, as soon as possible, either Mr. Jackson or his friends, at my house, where they shall receive every attention from me, as I wish most earnestly to convince the world what a deep and just sense I entertain of all Mr. Jackson's favours conferred upon

DANIEL MENDOZA.

Admiral Nelson, Whitechapel Road.

P. S. Allow me to thank you for your liberal impartiality; and, through the medium of your valuable paper, to return my acknowledgments to the Public, for the many flattering marks I have experienced of their partiality.

ACCOUNT OF TOPHAM THE STRONG MAN,

From Hutton's History of Derby.

WE learn from private accounts, well-attested, that Thomas Topham, a man, who kept a public-house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength; as breaking a broomstick of the first magnitude by striking against his bare arm: lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over the turnpike-gate; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock, &c. But however belief might stagger, she soon recovered herself when this second Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer, in public, at a shilling each. Upon application to Alderman Cooper, for leave to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed; and, as his appearance was like other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was made like other men; but he was found to be extremely muscular. What were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

He appeared near five feet ten, turned of thirty, well made, but nothing singular; he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes; that three horses could not draw him from a post which he should clasp with his feet; but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, were rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper; holding a pewter quart pot at arms length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell; lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head: the bodies he touched, seemed to have lost their powers of gravitation. He also broke a rope that was fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred; lifted an oak-table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold; two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, Vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand; his head being laid on one chair and his feet on another, four people (fourteen stone each) sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron, one inch in diameter, against his naked arm, and, at one stroke, bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the

the organ, in St. Warburgh's Church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice more terrible than sweet, scarcely seemed human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The ostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the ostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laugh of the company, till he condescended to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good nature, the men might have been in danger for the safety of their persons, and women for that of their pewter shelves. One blow of his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of pugilism, Johnson or Mendoza.

At the time of his death, which happened 10th August, 1749, he kept a public-house in Hog lane, Shoreditch. Having, two days before, a quarrel with his wife, he stabbed her in the breast, and immediately gave himself several wounds, which proved fatal to him. His wife, however, recovered.

Irish Advertisement Extraordinary.

THE following copy was brought by an Officer from Tullamore, in Ireland, and is asserted to be genuine:

"Whereas I, Colonel Thomas Crowe, have been truly informed, that several audacious, atrocious, nefarious, pestiferous, infamous, intrepid, night-walking, garden-robbing, immature, peach-stealing rascals, all the spawn of whores and rogues, and cubs of hell, do frequently, villainously, and burglariously, assemble themselves together in my boats, now on the river of Tullamore, therein piping, fighting, swearing, sabbath-breaking, whoring, roguing, duck-hunting, with many other shameless and illicit acts, which the modesty of my pen cannot express. This is therefore to give you all notice, Doharians, Delicarians, Capinucarians, Tullimorians, base-born scoundrels, all rascals, of whatever nation ye be, return me your bog-sticks, or by the Gods, the immortal Gods, I swear, I will send my man Jacob to Babylon, for blood-hounds, fiercer than tigers, and fleeter than wind, and with them, mounted on my rat-tail, with my cutting sabre in hand, I will hunt you through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, till I can centre you in a cavern, under a great tree in Newfoundland, where the Devil himself can never find.—Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! reptiles, tatterdemallions, thieves, vagrants, vagabonds, lank-jawed, herring-gutted plebians, that if ye, or any of ye, dare to set foot in my boats, I will send you to Charon, who will ferry you over Styx, and deliver you to the Arch-devil Lucifer, there to be dredged with the sulphur of Caucasus, and roasted eternally before the ever-burning cinders of Ætna.

A Great Destroyer of the Game, exposed.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

NO Acts of Parliament have more earnestly engaged the attention of our country gentlemen, than those respecting the preservation of the Game. Many of them are,

are oppressive in a great degree, unequal, and militate directly against the spirit of the constitution. That it should happen thus, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that those who are oppressed by them have no immediate voice in the Senate, and that his game is a favourite object with the landed gentleman. But when we look into the Game Laws, and consider their progress from reign to reign,—how one age has altered, and endeavoured to improve upon another, by the infliction of penalties and punishments,—how they have endeavoured to fence in the game,—what different methods of its destruction they have enumerated, and laboured to prevent,—when we consider these, who would not be surprized to be told, that the greatest destroyer of the game, throughout the kingdom, who commits more depredations upon it than all the poachers and unqualified people in Great Britain, is not only permitted to take his full range, without one law against him, but that several old laws, still unrepealed, are most strongly in his favour and protection?—I mean, the Hawk of every kind; that great murderer of young game; that notorious plunderer even of the farm-yard.

When Hawking (a much more hazardous and athletic exercise than following either the fox or the buck) was the favourite amusement of our robust Gentry and Barons bold, the Hawk and Heron, to afford them sport, were protected by the severest penalties which the monopolizing and tyrannical spirit of our Norman Lords could invent. —By a statute of Henry VII. it is ten pounds penalty to kill a hawk, (a sum exceeding one hundred, according to the present valuation of our money); and for any person, even on his own ground, to destroy the eggs of a heron, the penalty was ten shillings per egg: yet the heron is no less destructive to the young fish in our ponds and rivulets, than the hawk is to the breed of the partridge, the phaesant, and the variety of wild fowl.

When it was the favourite exercise of our gentry to ride from county to county,

"Through marsh, through meer dyke,
ditch and delve, and date,"

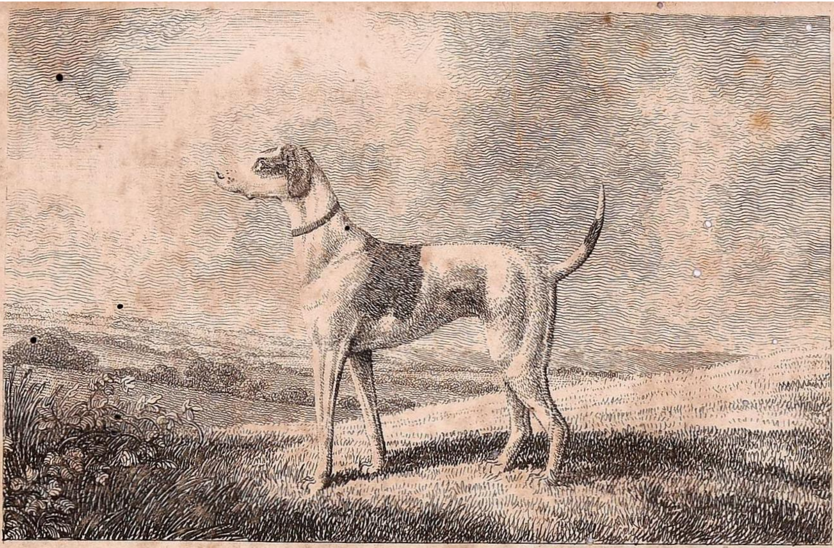
to see the hawk pursue and battle the heron, it is no wonder these noxious animals were carefully preserved. But now that exercise is no more, the preservation of these plunderers, so destructive to the game, should be still continued, is very inconsistent with that stretch of anxiety and care, and even that monopolizing tyranny so shamefully characteristic of our game laws. Common sense, one would think, ought to dictate a relaxation of the severity now exercised upon the peasant, and that in place of the acts in favour of the ravenous kite, a new statute should be made, enacting, that as the parish officers now pay for the heads of sparrows, an adequate reward should be given for the eggs and heads of the hawk and the heron.

A Sportsman.

Fag.

[*An Etching by Mr. Howitt.*]

FAG, the property of the Rev. George Chamberlain, of Enham House, Hants. This beautiful Pointer is well known by the sportsmen of Wilts and Hants, and much admired by them for his high courage, style of hunting, and finding. He was bred by C. I. Maton, Esq. of Downton, in the year 1797.



Fag.

Published Jan. 1. 1802, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTE.

MR. Coote, an ancestor of the late Lord Bellamont, adopted the following method to carry his election for the county of Cavan, in Ireland:—

Opposed by two gentlemen, leagued in interest, and who had been repeatedly returned to Parliament for that county, Mr. Coote, on mounting the hustings, placed four bags before him, each containing one thousand guineas.—After thanking the first that voted for him, for his suffrage, he said, "Pray, friend, how many miles are you from home?" "Five, your Honour."—"Then there are five guineas to carry you home."

A second voter—"How many miles, Sir, are you from home?" "Ten, Sir."—"There are ten guineas to bear the expence of your journey."

The news instantly ran like wild-fire. In short, before two bags were thus expended, the election was hollow in favour of Mr. Coote.—As this gentleman made no canvas previous to the election, nor so much as asked a single voter for his suffrage, no law (then in being) could bring the manœuvre under the description of Bribery and Corruption.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

AT a club, a few evenings ago, some late *pedestrian* exploits became the subject of conversation.—"Wonderful!" cried one.—"Great!" said another.—"Noble!" exclaimed a third;—and "Most *glorious!*" vociferated an old gentleman, dashing his pipe against the grate: "Most *glorious*, that a man should be ambitious of doing that in three hours, which a lame hack, or even a jack-ass, could perform in half the time!"

Nothing in the world could be more natural, nor perhaps more commendable, than that Lady Frances Fitzroy should, at this season of the year, have provided herself with a comfortable *Spencer!*—*See a newspaper account of the marriage of a daughter of the Duke of Grafton with a son of the Duke of Marlborough.*

When M. de S——, a Frenchman, notorious for speaking ill of every body, died, it was reported that he had poisoned himself.—"What!" replied Madame de Moustange: "Sure he must have *bit his own tongue!*"

A duel was lately fought between two Country Squires, on the plan of the satyrical rencontre in "*Folly as it Flies*:" when, after exchanging shots, like *Cursitor* and *Post Obit*, one second proposed their shaking hands; on which the other observed, "There is no occasion! Their hands have been *shaking* all the time!"

A fellow walking through the Old Bailey, a few weeks ago, at the time of an execution, when an Irishman, with whom he had some acquaintance, was on the point of being turned off, inhumanly enough bawled out, "Ah! you are there, are you? I always said, that you would come to be hanged!"—"You're a d—d liar!" replied Pat, indignantly, "if it is the last word I say. "*I did not come! I was brought*,

brought, you scoundrel! and so will you, before you are much older!"

Second Thoughts are best. — A young lady, daughter of a very respectable Merchant, being on the point, a few days since, of making an elopement to *Gretna Green*, with one of her father's clerks, happened to ask her *enamorata* how they were to exist after marriage, in case her parent should not forgive her?— "On *Love*, my dear!" replied the ardent swain.—"O, la!" cried Miss, "I fear, Sir, the present hard *frost* would prove too powerful for *Love's flame* during so long a journey; we'll therefore defer our trip to Scotland till next *Summer!*"

Virtue, we find in the *Gazette*, is unfortunately a *Bankrupt*; and, such is the contagion of corruption in this bad world, that, though she appeared in the character of a *Carpenter*, she could not contrive to live by *rule*.

The late hurricane appears to have done much mischief among the *Haut Ton*. — *The Countess of Sutherland* has *broke her back* off Algoa Bay. *The Princess of Orange* has not been heard of since she parted company, a week since. *The Lady Sophia* requires to be new rigged: the *Duke of Queensbury*, a new bowsprit; and the *Lord Nelson* has run on a shoal, and is stranded.

A Matrimonial Rebuke.—A Poet, whose muse frequently induces him to write on the *tender passion*, asked his wife lately, Why she was all *sweetness* to him before company, but downright *verjuice* when alone?—"Because, my dear *Mr. Poet*, I wish not my company to know that you entertain your wife only with—*descriptions* of *Love!*"

An inhabitant of Milverton, in Somerset, begs pardon, in a provincial paper, for having reported that a neighbour had robbed and *murdered* him.

DREAMS *(from a French Paper).*

A Poet of the day *dreamed* that he had written an excellent Comedy, and that Sylphs had administered incense to him in salvers of gold.—He said to himself, "I have driven Moliere from the stage!" He awoke amidst the hisses of the pit.

A Parisian husband fell asleep on the pillow of Hymen. He dreamed, that his wife was faithful and constant.—He was awaked by an officer, who informed him, that his *chaste Penelope* had divorced him, and that she was about to marry his *valet*.

A coachman fell asleep upon the coach-box, and awakened upon a chair of state. Every body congratulated him on having awakened to so much good fortune; and the coachman would not believe that he had been asleep.

A washerwoman, in the Rue St. Honoré, while asleep, fell from the fourth story of a house into an English curricle, and received no injury.

A lacquey fell asleep behind a carriage, and, when he awoke, he was in the inside of it!—Numbers lately have fallen asleep in a garret, and awakened in a drawing-room!

A young warrior dreamed, upon the Banks of the Nile, that, guided by his fortune, he should traverse the ocean, covered with hostile fleets; that he should rescue a whole people from the yoke of Folly and Phrenzy; and that, with his own hand, he should plant the olive of Peace, which, in two years, should spread its shade over all Europe. . . . . . . He awoke, amidst the acclamations of the universe, astonished that *this* was *not*—a dream!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCE Esterhazy, who resides at Edimbourg, in Austria, had, in the latter end of last month, a grand shooting party in the vicinity of Vienna. His Royal Highness Duke Albert, of Saxe-Teschen, Count Razumouski, the Russian Ambassador, M. A. Paget, the English Minister, were of the party; as also, Sir —— Colfield (a young Englishman), and several other persons of distinction. Mr. Paget and his countryman were astonished at the enormous quantity of game killed upon the occasion. In fact, in the short space of four hours and a half, there were shot more than 800 pheasants, 400 hares, and a great number of partridges. The party were attended by people, who carried the guns, and charged them. Colfield, who never saw such sport, astonished at the multitude of hares that he met, threw away his gun, and attempted to catch them alive, by hiding behind little hillocks, and going upon his hands and feet, to the no small amusement of the rest of the party, who laughed heartily at his address. Duke Albert, although upwards of 70 years of age, killed more than ten partridges.—After the day's sport, the party dined, and returned to Vienna by torch-light.

Mr. Meynell's celebrated *Old Pack* of Fox Hounds, at Quorndon, in Leicestershire, which are allowed to be the fleetest in England, and before which, on a good scenting day, it is supposed no fox can stand above twenty minutes, are now the property of Lord Sefton, who continues the sports of the field, and their attendant hospitalities, with undiminished spirit and liberality. The veteran sportsmen Meynell, invariably *goes to cover*, and though he may not *dash* as much as the younger *Nimrod*, yet he is allowed to *ride up to hounds* better than any other man of his years in the kingdom.

The Turf.—Great sport is expected at Newmarket in the ensuing Spring Meetings; the three capital racers are come out of the North, Cockfighter, Rolla, and Allegranti. Rolla is matched against Tag for 1000gs; and Allegranti against Sophia for 1000gs.—Several other horses are still expected out of the North.

The Bombay Turf Club have taken into consideration the very high prices demanded for horses imported from the Persian Gulph, and have come to the resolution of encouraging, by all other means in their power, the breeding of horses in Bombay and its dependencies; and as a preliminary essay towards the attainment of their object, they have proposed to give one hundred gold mohurs, to be added to a sweepstakes, to be run for by two, three, and four-year old colts and fillies, in December, 1805. The colts and fillies intitled to run, must be foaled in Bombay or its dependencies, by mares which shall have

 been

been in the possession of Gentlemen at least twelve months.

Amongst the numerous feats of activity and exertion, none have exceeded the performances of Lord Sackville, and Mr. Ross, the Messenger:—the former of whom rode up from Oxford, on five different horses, to the New Hummums, being fifty-seven miles and a half, in three hours; and the latter rode to Edinburgh, four hundred miles, in forty-eight hours, and returned in forty-seven hours and a half.

The following instance of sagacity in one of the *feline* race, we are well assured, is a fact:—An old maiden lady of fortune, who died suddenly a few weeks since, made a favourite cat her chief companion. In her usual sitting-room was a closet, where *Puss's* victuals were kept, and in which also was a private drawer, that the cat had probably often seen drawn out, during her meals, by her fond mistress.—After the old lady's death, the cat, finding no victuals in the closet, was observed repeatedly to scratch very earnestly over the spot where lay the private drawer. This at length excited attention, the place was searched, the drawer discovered, and in it found, in bank-notes and cash, upwards of two thousand pounds. The old maid's heir, it is added, has, in consequence, settled ten pounds per annum on the animal, for its comfortable support during life.

Kicking Birds—The two kicking birds, which the ship Buffalo brought home from Botany Bay, are now ordered to be landed, and to be sent to the seat of the Earl of Exeter. A cage has been purposely made for bringing them on shore, and another for conveying them to his Lordship. They rise in height seven feet from the toe to the point of the beak, and their form resembles that of an ostrich, with greyish brown plumage, consisting of two feathers on one quill. They are extremely docile, and with difficulty enraged. When they are in anger, they shew it by no other method than by kicking with the greatest violence. The neck is like that of a swan, and the head and beak greatly resemble that of a goose. Their legs are long, thick, and feathered; and when they stand erect, they are in form and attitude, nearly perpendicular.

A small bird, called the Amadavat, is the most mischievous of the diminutive species of the feathered creation at St. Helena, where means are taken to extirpate them, if possible. They fly in immense numbers, and destroy, upon an average, one-half of the fruit produced on the Island annually. They lay in general, from twelve to nineteen and twenty eggs, and their nests are curiously shaped, being the perfect representation of a pint bottle, and so closely woven together, with very slender fibres, as to require some time to pull asunder. The island is pestered with millions of these destructive birds, which are said to come from some part of the continent of Africa; and though diligent search is made after their nests, in order that their eggs may be destroyed, their numbers have not been reduced. It is stated, that one of these birds will hatch, in the course of the year, more than two hundred young ones.

A gentleman of Chancery-lane lately received as a present, from a friend near Aylesbury, a brace of partridges, a couple of fowls, a hare and a quart bottle of wine, all shut up completely in a hollow turnip, which, before hollowed, weighed twenty-eight pounds, and, when scooped, contained ten quarts.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ALL IN FULL CRY.

The following effusion we have extracted from a very ingenious and novel production, lately published by C. DIBDIN, jun. of Sadler's Wells, intitled, *The Song Smith, or Rigmarole Repository*, which contains several of the Author's best Comic Songs, and each Song introduced through the medium of some droll anecdote, dissertation, or tale.—The following Sporting Allegory, and Hunting Song, we presume, will be highly amusing to our Readers, and is a fair specimen of the Game contained within the *cover* of the *Song Smith*.——Yoicks, &c. p. 62.

YOICKS! Yoicks! vociferated a Knight of the Chase, as he entered. "What game's going on here? Sport! for Taylors; hey! for what's a rigmarole but a wild-goose chase? Mount Pegasus after a pun; dash over the stiles of common sense and the five-barred gates of harmony; break down the hedges of humour, and plunge into the ditch of dulness.——Recover—yoicks! there she goes; hey! nonsense! rhyme! rigmarole! to her boys! there they spank it over the ploughed field of plagiary, while the lean lazy hounds, Novelty, Reason, and Brevity, stick fast in the quicksets of quibble. Now she goes!—through Press-plain, spank into the stream of Publicity—Critic and Curiosity hard at her heels.——Now she makes Reading-road—Curiosity lags—Critic lays close to her—up Review Hill—Critic has her——yoicks! and we're in at the death in an instant. The horn-sounding has left us as abruptly as he entered; and finding a few figurative French-horns in one corner of the Smithey, I popped them into the forge, and produced—ALL IN FULL CRY.

Music—REEVE.—*Musical Appendix*.

Fain, longer would indolent Phœbus recline,
Neglecting Aurora's bright charms;
But the hale-glowing troop of Diana combine
To rouse him from sleep's languid arms.

The huntsman's shrill hallo! first strikes in his ear,
While the pack's opening yell puts an end to his trance;
See, already his gold-burnished ringlets appear,
As o'er the hills peeping he eyes us askance.

Thro' woodlands and vallies the far-winding horn,
With a thrilling tantivy invokes him away;
And while taunting echo his sloth laughs to scorn,
He vaults on the courser, and bursts into day.

How rapid our course; nor can mountains supply
A barrier to stop our career,
While the brown huntress Health, with her shrill hue-and-cry,
Follows hard on the heels of the deer.

Hark! echo's so full, with the noise of the chase,
The stag thinks a pack up yon hill (with full speed)
Are rising to meet him, poor fool, in the face,
And fears to go forward, and dares not recede.

The

The delusion proves fatal, the pack on him gain,
And a thrilling tantivy completes his dismay;
He starts—stands at bay—starts again; all in vain!
And his head forms a trophy to honour the day.

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

AURORA now summons the lads of the course,
Ye hunters from slumb'ring arise;
Behold how the Sun in full splendour beams forth,
How ruddy and bright seem the skies.
Then mount your fleet steeds, to the meadows repair,
No pleasure surpasses the sight of the hare.

The sluggard that dozes his life-time away,
And censures the joys we partake,
May strut, for a while, in the sun-shine of day;
But we deem his bliss—a mistake.
As we bound o'er the heath, blooming health marks the face,
And the horn's mellow notes but enliven the chase.

The fopling may boast of his beauty and ease,
And play with his mistress's fan;
Let him look in his glass——the reflection may please,
Tho' he's more an ape than a man.
Unkennel the hounds, to the meadows repair,
And let us, enraptur'd, give chase to the hare.

Thro' life we must some kind of pastime pursue,
The Statesman will dwell on the laws;
The Critic will tell you what learning can do,
While the Lawyer will gain a bad cause.
But we, more exalted, breathe joy in the vale,
And taste true delight in a jug of mild ale.

Diana commands, ye Sportsmen arise,
The huntsman the summons proclaims;
Away to the woods, where the hare closely lies,
The scent is now fresh on the plains.
Since the Sun gilds the East, and the morning is bright,
Let the sports of the day crown, with rapture, the night.

THE SKAITER's MARCH.

[Composed for the Skaiter's Club at Edinburgh.]

THIS snell and frosty morning,
With rhind the trees adorning,
Tho' Phœbus below,
Through the sparkling snow,
A skaiting we go,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

From the right to the left we're plying,
Swifter than winds we're flying,
Spheres with spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding,
In circles we sweep,
Our poise still we keep,
Behold how we sweep,
The face of the deep,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

Great Jove looks down with wonder,
To view his sons of thunder,
Tho' the water be seal,
We rove on our heel,
Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

See the Club advances,
See how they join the dances,
Horns and trumpets sounding,
Rocks and hills resounding,
Let Tritons now blow,
For Neptune below,
His beard dares not shew,
Or call us his foe,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

A SIMILE.

PHYSICIANS are like E O, you say;
But tell us how your simile is made,
A guinea at each turn the gamesters must pay,
And both require a nimble run of trade.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO REYNOLDS'S COMEDY OF

"FOLLY AS IT FLIES."

"EYE nature's walks"—head poets thus advise,
Pray who can fail, unless he shuts his eyes?
Is not pure nature full display'd to view?
Transparent fair ones, I appeal to you—
To you, ye—No—your quite a different creature,
You modern beau, for you are art of nature.
"Shoot folly as it flies"—alas! I fear
The attempt is vain—We know, year after year,
Our bard his game certificate has got,
Hath wasted all his paper, powder, shot,
Yet, has he thinn'd the follies of the town?
He may hit hard, but can he knock one down?
Amaz'd at this, I ask'd the reason why,
Follies, he said, on Fashion's pinions fly.
They soar a loft secure, the more you fire,
You only scare them, and they mount the higher.

What! can no birds within our reach be found?
I'll look about me—this is sporting ground;
Sure lawyers, husbands, wives, and lobby phantoms,
Are black game, cuckoos, wagtails, crowing bantams;
Of rooks and pigeons I see various races,
Besides the sea-gulls from the watering places!
As for the city fowls, they've had their trimming,
And lame ducks now in the canals are swimming.
"And catch the manners, living as they rise;"
Where catch 'em? here—their field for exercise.
Suppose the scene quite tragic, all in high woe,
Out thunders, "What's the play?"—"Sir how do I know?"
"Do you know me?"—"No, dam'me! hold your bother!"
"Sir, I'm a gentleman."—"Sir, I'm another."
(*Audience*) Go on! go on! "Oh wretched lost Evander." (*Actor*)
"Sir, my name's Mr. Gosling"—"And mine O'Gander."
(*exchanging cards.*)
"Drops for the ladies there! unloose their lockets"
"We can't"—"their handkerchiefs!"—
"They've no pockets."
"Silence below there! Let us hear the play." (*Sailor in the Gallery.*)
"Ladies and Gentlemen, one word I pray." (*Actor.*)
"De'el take ye, is this Babel, Heel, or London?" (*Scotchman in the Pit.*)
"Are you the Manager?" (*Irishman*)
"No, Sir, I'm Munden."

Such are the manners of our age, nor less
Doth folly hold diminion over dress.
All things disordered are from sole to crown,
The youthful stripling is old square-toes grown—
With gills tight braced—his head seems out of joint,
A crazy ruin prop'd at every point.

Though war, through Europe, through the world may cease,
And plenty gild the olive branch of peace;
Though actors quit the field, their labour's done,
Our bard comes forth, with double-barrell'd gun,
From luxury and ease new follies spring,
And he is resolved to catch them on the wing—
No rest he seeks—nor danger will he fear,
Proud in your service to be volunteer.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

EPILOGUE OF FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

——"*O te Bollane cerebri felicem!*"

Cry from the House.

"EPILOGUE! Epilogue! Epilogue!
Author! Author! Author!"
[*Enter a Serjeant at Law.*
—see the funny dog!

(The Serjeant bows gracefully and respectfully to the House; first to the side Boxes, then to the Pit, and then to the Gallery; advances bowing.)

"May't please your Lordship—(*To the Lord Chamberlain.*)
—Gemmen of the Jury—
(*To the Pit.*)
I am the Author; I, I do assure ye."

Aud.

Audience.

" Off! off, Sir, off! go, send the Author; off!"

Serjeant.

" I am the Author; I, brother of the coif!"

(*A roar of laughter.*)—*Audience*

" You! you the Author!—Sir, do you suppose
We can't distinguish between verse and prose?"

Serjeant.

" I do aver—"

Audience.

" You might as soon persuade us
That 'twas the devil who design'd and made us!"

Gallery.

" O d—n his impudence! send off the prig;
He, he the Author! d—n his lying wig!"

Serjeant.—(*To the Lord Chamberlain.*)

" My Lord! I do materially aver,
I wrote the Epilogue." (*Aud.*) " Off, off, Sir, we demur."
(*Serj.*) " I join—" (*Aud.*) " Off, off, and send the Manager."

(*Enter Manager.*)

" Ladies and Gentlemen—(Hear him! hear him! hear!)
Ladies and Gentlemen! strange as't may appear,
For once, Apollo, in a sportive fit,
Has, from the Common Pleas, produced a wit;
Behold him, Sirs!—the character is new"
(*Serj*) " O spare my blushes—it is my *debut*."
(*Aud.*) " We can't believe it." (*Serj.*) " By my coif 'tis true,"

Attorney. (*From Pit.*)

" Where's your affidavit? (*a universal cry*) " Affidavit!
Swear it! affidavit!" (*Serj.*) " You shall have it."

The Serjeant goes off, and returns with an Affidavit.

" I, Serjeant ——, do depose and say,
I (meaning self,) wrote th' Epilogue to the Play
Of Folly as it Flies."—(*Attorney*) " Amen! Amen!
" You'll never have a brief from me again!—
Non dii, non homines! nor Judge nor Jury,
Henceforth in Common Pleas will e'er endure ye.
Heav'n forbid my Clients e'er should know it,
That for a Lawyer I've retain'd a Poet!"

Manager.

" Your mercy, Sir! nor think my friend too clever;
Depend upon it he's as dull as ever;
The cart-horse, sure, may sometimes scorn his meres,
And sport and frolic in his heavy geers—
Go view the learned Serjeant in his court,
There shall you find him full of dull report,
There you'll see Judges bowing to his prose,
And Juries nod assent in sweet repose.
—Nor of my friend, nor of his court despair!
Dulness will ever hold its solemn empire there."

Applause from every part of the House.—The Attorney jumps upon the stage, embraces the Serjeant, and the scene concludes with a *pas de trois*.

ON FINDING *A WOUNDED RAIL* IN A MEADOW LAST SPRING.

POOR Bird! be not alarm'd at seeing me
Approach—I am no enemy—Nor were
I licens'd to destroy the feather'd race,
Would I commence hostility on thee,
The meadows tuneful ornament.—Alas!
Those crippling wounds confine thee to the place:
Thou can'st no longer scamper through the grass:
That languid eye and beating breast declare
Thy inward torture!—Curse upon his art
That caus'd it!—He's a savage in his heart,
Callous to beauty, and to music too!
Some Poacher vile, abhorr'd by Sportsman true,
Who roams with lawless tube from vale to vale,
To seek, surprise, and massacre the Rail.

Dromore, Nov. 30. T. S.